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AFTER a fortnight of wrangling France has climbed down far enough to satisfy Washington, and Germany can rejoice in the relief of Mr. Hoover's plan. But there are other feelings mixed with the joy, for the delay has brought the Reich very near to catastrophe. To counter the heavy withdrawals of foreign capital the Government has found it necessary to decree drastic and disagreeable measures. And, even with these, there will still remain grave financial difficulties, as is pointed out on our City page. Nor are the rest of us quite out of the wood. Mr. Hoover has left some questions to be settled among the creditors under the Young Plan, and the French appear to be buckling on their armour for another fight with Mr. Snowden. We hope that the London Conference next week will not involve a fight. Most of us agree with the Chancellor that we cannot afford any further sacrifices, but we do not want a repetition of the 1929 row at The Hague. There need not, however, be any serious trouble over the guarantee fund liability of France, since she has amended her original demand to a proposal which would not hit the other creditor Powers.

* * *

If we assume that the worst is now over, what next? Scylla has been weathered, but Charybdis lies ahead. July, 1932, may be as sinister a date as July, 1931. Even should there be a world recovery, it is not to be supposed that we can all go back to the Young Plan, and that the Germans, refreshed by Mr. Hoover's tonic, will cheerfully resume the business of payment—and repayment. They can, of course, declare a moratorium next year, if nothing is done in the meantime. But, plainly, something ought to be done. The sooner we face squarely up to the twin problems—or, rather, the one problem—of reparations and war debts, the better. The Americans are, as we all know, and as they know, our masters in this matter. There has been a rumour afloat in the last few days that the United States Government is already thinking seriously about debt cancellation. This is perhaps only an "intelligent anticipation." But a cancelling of debts and a wiping out of reparations there must be before long. And if the good Americans can make the reduction of armaments a condition of any all-round settlement they will have a double title to our gratitude.

* * *

The usual attitude towards the Five Year Plan is one of incomprehension mingled with hysteria. For two years our business men comforted themselves with the conviction that the Plan would be a farcical failure. A few months ago this ignorant optimism gave place to equally comic panic. Not only was the Plan likely to succeed, but its success was certain to involve our ruin.

Now, because Stalin has made a remarkable speech and has had the courage to point out that industry cannot be run efficiently by political committees, the Conservative press jumps rashly to the conclusion that the Plan has failed. There seems to be a general tendency to regard the Plan as a limited operation which at the end of five years will either have ruined all the rest of the world or else have collapsed in disaster. Both views are nonsense.

* * *

Payment by results has long been a feature of the Five Year Plan. Stalin's speech does of course involve a further admission that at this stage at least Communism has need of capitalist incentives. It is fair enough to call the system in Russia to-day "State Capitalism," not Communism. A welcome sign in Stalin's speech was a change to a more friendly attitude towards the middle-class experts. The immediate result of the speech on the Plan should be an increase of efficiency. Of course the Plan is bound to have a long "hang-over," and years must elapse before Russia is in a position to flood the world with manufactured goods. But to deny all progress in Russia, because Stalin has called for new methods and greater efficiency, is a conclusion for which there is neither justification nor reward.

* * *

The Zionist Congress at Basle has been washing a lot of dirty linen in public, noisily and violently. Savage attacks have been made by Revisionist speakers, not only on the British Government, but on Dr. Weizmann for consenting to look at the olive branch that was held out last autumn by Mr. MacDonald. Dr. Weizmann and his friends were, in fact, serving the cause of the Jews with courage as well as prudence, whilst many of their critics were breathing sound and fury across the Atlantic. Were they really expected to get the head of the Mandatory Power on a charger? Who was the Herod to give it them? The Permanent Mandates Commission? The British public? Mr. Baldwin? The Zionists have their grievances; the state of Palestine is not a happy one. But it is childish to put the whole blame for that on the Mandatory Power. The success of the experiment depends on the reconciliation and friendly co-operation of Jews and Arabs, and neither the British Government nor anybody else can force them into harmony. We still hope to see the National Home established and accepted by all the inhabitants of Palestine. But the task is plainly one that needs infinite patience and care. If the hotheads who have been raging at Basle had their way, they would make in Palestine not a National Home, but an international hell.

* * *

The quarrel between the Labour Party and the I.L.P. is now developing apace. Mr. McGovern has made an ass of himself, and been excluded from the Labour Party altogether. The I.L.P. Members who lost their heads and joined in the *fracas* have apologised, and their apologies have been accepted; but the I.L.P. group as a whole is at loggerheads with the Government, not only over the Unemployment Insurance Bill, but also on the general question of party discipline. In a letter sent to Mr. Arthur Henderson this week, Mr. Paton, the I.L.P. Secretary, claims that his group "cannot accept regulations which may penalise a member for seeking to give effect to the decisions of the annual conference of the Labour Party, which may prevent him from honouring the Socialist principles he professes, and which may restrain him from fulfilling pledges into which he may have entered with his constituents, even when those pledges are in conformity with Labour Party conference decisions." This is, in effect, a claim for complete freedom of action by the I.L.P. group; and it is not easy to see how the quarrel can be adjusted. But suggestions that the I.L.P. is on the point of seceding or being expelled from the Labour Party are certainly premature. Meanwhile Sir Oswald Mosley and his little group have actually crossed the floor of the House. The loud comment from the Labour benches—"You're back home again"—was inevitable.

* * *

Nobody opposed the Coal Mines Act, because nobody was prepared to take the responsibility for bringing the industry to a standstill. But it is safe to say that nobody likes the Act, or regards it as more than a temporary expedient for averting trouble. The miners do not like it, because it does not give them the statutory minimum wage which they want. The owners object to it, because they wanted the seven and a half hour day extended for longer than a year. Even the Government can hardly like it, because it involves the danger of a fresh crisis in a year's time. Nor does it even completely settle the existing difficulties; for it leaves Scotland to make the best arrangements it can for wages in view of the abolition of the "spreadover," and South Wales without any advance on the low wage-rates which have led to so much unrest. Still, it is better to have half a settlement than none; and presumably the Government was too doubtful of its ability to get a Minimum Wage Bill carried into law to risk giving the miners this part of their claim. The next step is for the country to ratify the Geneva Convention, and bring working hours down to seven and a quarter. It is a pity this was not done in the present Act, even with an appointed day fixed some time ahead. We do not want to have the painful experience of the Washington Eight Hours Convention repeated in the case of the coal mines.

* * *

A Consumers' Council is plainly of no use unless it has ample compulsory powers to obtain information. The history of the first Council is sufficient proof of this statement: indeed, its failure is one of the main reasons why the Consumers' Council Bill was introduced. But the House of Commons Standing Committee which is dealing with the Bill has now completely struck out Clause 3, the clause giving the Council these indispensable powers. This Government defeat was the outcome of another of those ingeniously planned "booby-traps" the arrangement of which absorbs much of the energies of the Conservative parliamentary machine. The Bill as it stands is therefore now quite futile; and it would not be worth while to spend further time on it unless there were still the possibility of reinserting the defeated clause at the report stage.

This may be practicable, with Liberal support; but it means a further demand on the scanty supply of parliamentary time. In committee there has been steady obstruction all the time the Bill has been under discussion, and this stage is by no means yet at an end. Altogether, its prospects of becoming law this session are none too bright.

* * *

We do not know whether to laugh or cry over the proceedings in the Standing Committee which is dealing with the Sunday Performances Bill. The Sabbatarians are fighting the measure inch by inch, and no argument is too silly or too irrelevant for them. One member opposes Sunday opening because the greater part of the capital in the films is owned by foreigners. Another takes exception to the "whole atmosphere," and in particular to the costumes of the attendants who show people to their seats. This is indeed a bright idea; few of us would have thought of the auditorium of a cinema as a Venusberg! Somebody else objects to the inclusion of the words "musical entertainment," and wants to know whether they would not enable brewery companies to get public houses licensed for concerts and clog-dances on Sundays. Meanwhile, the Attorney-General shows ineffable caution in the defence of his poor little starveling of a Bill. He is prepared, for example, to ban, as being wicked on the Sabbath: "(1) the use of stage costumes; (2) dancing; (3) any form of variety performance or anything in the nature of a sketch." It is difficult to understand, as Sir Alfred Butt observed, why youths and maidens should be allowed to go to *The Call of the Flesh* on the "talkies" on Sunday, but not to *Hamlet* or *The Tempest* done by living actors. But we do not despair of common sense and freedom coming into their own before the century is out.

* * *

This is not the first time we have called attention to the Meerut trial. It has become a crying scandal. First, what are we to say about the swift certainties of British justice when three Englishmen and thirty Indians, accused of no overt acts, but only of the vague crime of "conspiring to deprive the King-Emperor of his sovereignty," have been detained in prison, still uncondemned, for more than two years in the stifling climate of the Indian plains? Secondly, what are we to add, when, after repeated refusals to grant bail during these two years, the senior judge of the High Court now states that bail should have been granted in some cases at the beginning and makes it clear that proper facilities have been withheld from the accused throughout the trial? The *Manchester Guardian*, now the only daily newspaper which really cares about issues of liberty, put the point with characteristic caution:

> It shows clearly that the procedure needs overhauling, and suggests even to the least suspicious that the connection between the Executive and the Judiciary in India is far too close.

And the excuse, constantly made by Mr. Wedgwood Benn in the House of Commons, for refusing to take any action to remedy this scandal, is that the British Executive cannot interfere with the course of justice in India. It leaves interference to the Indian Government.

* * *

The agitation against the new traffic regulations is, no doubt, partly a press stunt; for, if we take the London streets as they are, traffic circuses and one-way thoroughfares are probably the only way to cope with the congestion. But are we to take the streets as they are? We have great sympathy with the view, by no means confined to stunt-merchants, that we ought to make this time of unemployment the occasion for a great rebuilding of London, involving schemes of clearance and the provision of new main arteries which will suffice to carry safely to and from the centre an even larger volume of traffic than we have to-day. Ought we not to plan all Central London and its approaches afresh, from a twentieth-century point of view—and to do it quickly, while labour and capital resources are alike plentiful, and the chief excuse for not employing the workless is that we can find nothing useful for them to do?

* * *

So unending is the chaos of the Thames Bridges question that, after one more year of referring back, the Improvements Committee of the London County Council can do nothing but submit yet another scheme and so start the squabble afresh. The old points are all gone over again—the Waterloo district, Charing Cross Station, the high level and the low, and everything else. And meanwhile the spectacle from the Victoria Embankment remains the humiliation of modern London. The Prime Minister might well invite all the departmental authorities concerned to meet him at Cleopatra's Needle and look upon the prospect steadily for half an hour. They would see the forlorn sagging of Waterloo Bridge and the neglected squalor of the South side, with the Lion Brewery area clamouring to be cleared and planned. At the same time they could be reminded that at the western extremity of the Strand the island site is being prepared for a huge and costly business building, which presumably will be put up without any reference to the bridge and station, or to the new streets and viaduct that, whatever the scheme finally adopted, must be comprised in the future Charing Cross.

* * *

A libel action which was concluded this week in the High Court threw interesting sidelights on the so-called "sport of kings." It was alleged, in evidence, that a recognised method of bringing off a coup—or "job," as apparently it is called—is the handing-in of numbers of telegrams at remote country offices immediately before a race is timed to start. The resulting congestion ensures that the result will be known before all the wires have been despatched. Apparently—though this point is less clear—they may then, if necessary, be withdrawn. Other troubles of that harassed profession, the bookmaker's, are brought out in the following dialogue:

> "Yours is not an unprofitable business, is it?"
> "We have not won this year yet."
> "Is there a falling off in the supply of 'flats'?"
> "People are getting better information now, and it becomes harder every year for a bookmaker to win."
> "Do you mean that the public at last is making a bit out of the bookmakers?"
> "No, but they are getting better information."

The operative word, as Mr. Belloc used to say, is the "No." The bookmakers have clearly their own methods of combating this menace of "better information."

FEWER AND BETTER

BIRTHS down, deaths down, emigration down; population up by two millions, population of Greater London up by nearly three-quarters of a million; excess of females over males slightly down. So might one sum up, in a single staccato sentence, the preliminary report on the Census of 1931. Not one of these results is surprising, though all of them are significant. We knew the birth-rate was falling; we knew that better social conditions and better medical attention were reducing the death-rate. We knew that the stream of emigration had slackened a great deal in recent years, even before the world slump brought it almost to a stand. We knew that population was still rising, though not nearly so fast as before the war. Indeed, the Registrar-General had almost exactly predicted what the total increase would be, even before the Census was taken. We could all watch the prodigious and ill-co-ordinated growth of London's outer suburbs. We expected the excess of females over males to fall; for in the past ten years there has been no world war to kill off a substantial fraction of the men. In fact, it almost seems we need not have taken a Census at all, we knew so much about its results in advance. But the first instalment of official figures does pull us up short with the question—are these tendencies to our liking or not?

First, our declining birth-rate. There have been in the past ten years between two and two and a half million fewer births than there were between 1901 and 1911, and a million and a quarter fewer than between 1911 and 1921, despite the effect of the war. This is birth control with a vengeance, and obviously birth control extending a good way down the social scale. Indeed, we have now substantially less than a replacement birth-rate, and even if the rate were to remain stationary, total population would begin ere long to fall. This fact causes loud lamentations among certain sections of the public, who hold, for reasons moral, theological or militaristic, that it is the business of men and women to multiply and replenish the earth, regardless of convenience, economy, or the prospects of a good life for their children. Even some economists maintain that a declining population will soon be too small to reap the full benefit of mass-production.

We do not join in the chorus of sorrow. Smaller families mean on the whole healthier families, better nurtured and educated families, more efficient and productive families, as well as a far better life for the mothers. Nor, in face of the work of rationalisation in dispensing with labour, need we fear a shortage of hands to perform the necessary productive tasks. It is true that the transition has its awkward moments; it means a period during which there will be an abnormally large proportion of elderly people, and therefore the working population will form a smaller fraction of the whole. But this need not trouble us overmuch, except as it reacts immediately on the tone and temper of the electorate, or makes us run temporarily short of courageous leadership. It is assuredly no reason for regretting a fall in the birth-rate, though we may regret that this fall is to some extent selective, because the more intelligent sections of the population are the first to resort to birth control.

The falling death-rate might give more ground for regret if it meant a longer dotage for the aged. But the old are far less aged to-day than they used to be, and a substantial part of the fall is due to lower mortality among infants and quite young people. We can therefore welcome it without reserve, in the assurance that it means an increase in human happiness and not a mere prolongation of life's span.

The first outstanding fact of the Census is that we are to look forward to a slowly declining population; for it is clear that the present tendency of the birth-rate is likely to be intensified rather than reversed, and that no possible fall in the death-rate can alter its effects. The second outstanding fact is that, while emigration from the country has fallen off, migration within it is going on at an unprecedented pace, and taking for the most part a southerly and easterly direction. The population of England and Wales is moving like an army upon London and the Home Counties. The number of dwellers in Middlesex has actually risen by nearly a third since the last Census, and Surrey, Hertfordshire, and Essex are not far behind. Greater London has now nearly eight and a quarter million inhabitants, and is still growing. On the other hand, South Wales and the textile, mining and metal-working areas of the North of England are losing population, though not nearly fast enough to bring down their unemployment to the average level for the country as a whole. The area round Birmingham, which has now over a million people within its municipal borders, is a second centre of attraction, and there are other smaller areas in the South which are fast absorbing population from the older industrial districts. That is one reason why the Society for the Preservation of Rural England has its work cut out in these days. Old industrial England was mostly spoiled past preservation in the heyday of Victorian prosperity. What we need is a Society for the Destruction of Misurbanised England.

S.P.R.E. has a harder task, for the flood of migrants who pour into the South are not for the most part greatly moved by æsthetic considerations. They have their livings to get, and little tin garages or little tin or concrete factories often offer them the best hope of making both ends meet. Our new suburbs are, indeed, a great deal less ugly than they would have been if they had been built a generation ago; there has been a great improvement in the æsthetics, as well as in the sanitation and amenity, of cottage-building in recent years. But ribbon development is a growingly serious problem, and plenty of very ugly agglomerations of buildings are still being erected both by municipal and by private enterprise. Moreover, we notice ugliness far more when it shows itself under our metropolitan noses than when it is tucked away in Black Countries which men may visit for curiosity or business, but certainly not for pleasure. And perhaps our desire to prevent the uglification of the South may cause us to begin considering whether the urban North need really remain quite as ugly as it is to-day.

The occupations and tastes of English people are changing as well as their places of residence. There are less producers, in the narrow sense, now that production is getting so highly mechanical, and more transport workers, distributive workers, and caterers for the pleasures and amenities of life. There is less smoke, too, as the use of electrical power advances; and a good many of the new factories are fairly small because they are making specialities rather than turning out steel or cotton goods in bulk. As the standard of life rises, in this country at least, tastes tend to become more diversified. The new industries are mostly rather little industries, and, if mass-production makes headway in some directions, so does small-scale production in others. When we get the occupational volumes of the new Census we shall probably find a greater dispersion and variety of occupations than ever before.

This is a healthy sign, though we have to set against it the very serious social problems presented by the decline of our older staple industries. For while the southward trek of population has it disadvantages—for the amenities of the South—there is a great deal to be

said for emptying Lancashire and South Wales. It is easiest to do the spring-cleaning with the family away, and the industrial districts have been waiting to be spring-cleaned ever since the Industrial Revolution. The only question is whether we shall have the sense to spring-clean them thoroughly, now that the chance has come, so making of unemployment an opportunity rather than an unproductive burden.

England, so the Census tells us, is by far the most densely populated country in Europe, with the possible exception of Belgium. It has grown more populous by two millions in the course of the past ten years, and is destined to grow rather more populous still in the immediate future. But soon we shall get past the bulge, and begin to grow fewer. We do not suggest that depopulation without end is the gateway to human happiness; but we do believe that with a substantially smaller population England could be made healthier, happier—and richer as well—than she is to-day. It will be time to squeal about depopulation when we begin to experience any disadvantage from it. Until then, we can afford to rejoice that, on the whole, it offers the children who are born a better chance of being well fed, clothed, housed and taught. Nor is it a matter for great lament that the population is becoming more and more urbanised. We would, indeed, gladly see a revival of British agriculture. But, until agriculture can offer men and women a life which makes it worth their while to stop in the country, there is no cause to regret their moving to the town. Towns need not be unhealthy, nor townsmen weaklings. For good or ill we are mainly an urban people, and it is our business to make it for good by building towns fit for human beings to inhabit.

SCIENCE AND POLITICS IN THE SOVIET UNION

[M. Bukharin, one of the Russian scientists now on a visit to England, has been subjected to a virulent attack in certain newspapers. While, of course, not sponsoring his views ourselves, we are glad to give him an opportunity of expressing himself freely in our columns.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

CONSERVATIVE and Fascist circles in various countries are at present zealously engaged in the most intensive propaganda against the Soviet Union. One campaign succeeds another like a cinema film. First a crusade is proclaimed in defence of persecuted religion. Then the magnates of Capitalism and the plantation owners begin to raise an outcry against "slave labour." The campaign rapidly becomes a campaign against the so-called "Soviet dumping." Finally, the dumping develops itself into frightful Soviet aggression of a military character. This masquerade might, of course, be examined from the point of view of a humorist. It is interesting to observe how, out of the ideological eggs hatched in the Vatican, there crawl forth reptiles of quite a prosaic commercial nature. It is amusing to see slave-owners attacking the proletarians of the Soviet Union under the banner of the defence of labour. And it is quite comic to watch staff-generals and imperialist politicians accusing the Soviet Union of an aggressive policy, while they very calmly prepare war themselves.

But, unfortunately, all this is far from humorous in its social sense. The organs for moulding public opinion which are in the hands of the financial and capitalist oligarchy are still so powerful that they succeed in deceiving and terrifying the man in the street, the middle and petty bourgeoisie and even some sections of the workers. True, not for long. You cannot by these means charm away or liquidate, or even diminish, the gigantic economic crisis which has gripped the capitalist world. Nor can they serve to destroy the importance of the growing Soviet Union.

The Soviet Union is living through a period of quite exceptional intensity of labour. The Five Year Plan has become the true banner of broad masses of the proletariat. It is being rapidly carried out, though not without internal and external difficulties. But the proletariat of the Union, realising its position as that of the ruling class, is developing such energy, displaying such devotion to the cause of Socialism, growing so rapidly in the political, technical, and cultural sense, that we are victoriously completing the first Five Year Plan and have begun to work out the second. We are doing this on the basis of the fullest, most scientific, most reasoned analysis of the totality of existing conditions—external and internal, natural and social, technical and economic. The greatest constructive work in human history is proceeding in our country. The pathos of construction, of heroic labour, of cultural growth, is the characteristic feature of the period we are going through. The masses live and breathe precisely for this. Cold political calculation says: Every year of peaceful labour is a new storey of the social structure of Socialism. The politician of the Soviet Union who ventured to think of aggression would be laughed at by our masses, and we have no such foolish politicians. But with all the more valour will the working classes of our Union defend themselves in the event of attack. They know that the Soviet Government pursues and will pursue to the very end a genuine policy of peace—because it is a government of labour, a government of Socialist reconstruction, a government of great works, the leader and organiser of vast masses who are transforming the whole country from the White Sea to the Black, from the Baltic to the Pacific. It is time, at last, to understand this truth. Of course, those who control the capitalist States understand it excellently well. But they say the opposite, precisely because the peaceful policy of the Soviet Government confounds the policy of the interventionists.

The world-historical competition of two economic systems is taking place at present in extremely peculiar conditions of social development. If we examine the state of things statistically, the level of technique, the indices of production, the degree of "wealth" in our country, are still much lower than in the so-called "advanced" capitalist country. But we shall arrive at very different conclusions if we consider the movement of these two economic systems. We are making tremendous leaps forward. The capitalist world is reducing production. We are developing huge creative energy; we have insufficient machinery, people, science, technique, means of consumption. And we are creating with tremendous *élan* ever newer and newer values. The capitalist world, on the contrary, is choking in its property relations, because the masses cannot buy The capitalist world cannot make use of its apparatus of production, its workers, its science. It is destroying its productive forces.

We are hammering out the ideology of the greatest possible activity, of labour enthusiasm, of social optimism, technical optimism, scientific and cognitive optimism. The capitalist world is "tired of life"; it is sinking into the bog of senile mysticism and social pessimism; it is losing its faith in rational cognition, and appealing more and more to intuition, religion, mysticism, at the same time preaching a return to pre-machine methods of production. Who would have thought that in the twentieth century capitalist Luddites were possible? And yet they now exist, and their names are known. Capitalism has become a brake on human development in all its functions, from technique to the highest forms of ideological consciousness. That consciousness reminds one more and more of the decadent consciousness of the end of the ancient world; the foreboding of inevitable destruction can be seen throughout the whole of the so-called "spiritual culture" of modern capitalism.

In the Soviet Union the re-grouping of men in the material process of labour, and the social readjustments generally, the transition to the rails of planned economy, have produced the greatest changes in the sphere of the whole of culture. Planned Socialist economy has lately won particularly striking successes, because it has conquered new and powerful positions in the sphere of agriculture. It has required the rapid bringing together of theory and practice, science and labour, of various branches of science between themselves and of *all* these with production—Socialist industry and Socialist agriculture.

Here it is necessary to emphasise the particular character of this drawing together. It is of quite a different type from that which takes place in the capitalist countries, because there is a vast difference of principle between the practice of Capitalism and the practice of Socialism. In place of the petty, huckstering, commercialised practice, which seeks profits for the capitalists, individual or trustified—practice which makes science into an instrument of gain and competition, an object of commercial secrecy and monopolist patents—we have the great practice of social construction, anti-exploiting in its character, and effected on an enormous scale. These qualitative and quantitative scales are new magnitudes in world history. They require a gigantic development of science, unknown to previous epochs and previous social formations in history.

The geological study of the country; the investigation of the physical and chemical properties of new varieties of fuel and raw material; the discovery and study of new sources of electrical power; problems of synthetic raw materials; new types of machinery, apparatus and their aggregates springing directly from the new dimensions of the units of production; the problems of electrification (the super-power lines, high-pressure systems, the passing from alternating to constant current, etc., and questions of the electrification of agriculture); the problems of tractorisation (heavy fuel for Diesel engines, etc.); the problems of the chemicalisation of the country, and the problems involved in the correct distribution of industry and agriculture, special crops and so forth—all these require the rapid and resolute speeding up of the tempo of all our scientific research. We cannot forget that it is a question of new quantities, new qualities, new tempo. Thus there is coming into being a vast stimulus to the development of science.

It would be quite wrong to draw the conclusion from this that we are by this means falling into narrow practicalism of the American type. For planned economy requires the synthesis of all branches of learning, the synthesis of theory and practice, and that on a social scale. This means, taken in its entirety, the development of every branch of science, their mutual connection and mutual fertilisation. It means the growing unity of method. It means the realisation of the vital purpose of science, the optimum combination of theory and practice, the increasing bridging of the abyss between physical and intellectual labour. It means the cultural remoulding of the broadest masses of the people, and the ever greater influence of science on the very construction of the economic plan, *i.e.*, the rationalisation of economy in all its component parts.

Thus there is being created a new type, a new order of cultural life, distinct in the highest degree from the order of cultural life of preceding economic formations, including the capitalist. One of its most essential features is the rapid cultural maturing of the masses. This is a totally new current in history, and is of vast importance. We have set ourselves the task of "overtaking and outstripping the capitalist countries." We consider that we shall carry out this task with the aid of the powerful levers which constitute the specific peculiarity of our Socialist order of society—the planned character of economy, the possibility of operating with immense resources to a single end; the ever increasing planned quality of our scientific research; the ever growing co-ordination of science and material production, on the basis of the rapid growth in influence of science, and the vast deploying of the potential energy of the masses.

You can think what you like about these truly geological dislocations in the history of mankind. But one must be a Philistine by nature, a stunted provincial in thought, feeling and action, not to feel beating here the pulse of world history. Every thinking individual knows that the modern capitalist formation of society is undergoing the most profound internal disorder, that it is in a state of crisis, and that world history is at the cross-roads. And it is this that makes so pitiful the efforts of the most enraged opponents of the Soviet Union. Their logic is halting on all its four legs. Their method is an ever more monotonous, shallow, and elementary system of slander. Their absence of any big positive idea is accompanied by ever more petty — *sit venia verbo*— "politics." That is the inevitable fate of every class which is departing for ever from the historical arena.

N. BUKHARIN.

[*P.S.*—I take advantage of this opportunity to thank the *Daily Mail* for its advertisement of my visit to London, and simultaneously to express my regret that this newspaper has such an illiterate staff. The paper has printed what have almost amounted to reports of mysterious conferences which I was supposed to be having in London, at the very time I was in Cambridge. Consequently, its staff have not the least conception of the laws of physics. The paper wrote that I was a mathematician. But I was never a mathematician, although my father was. However, as is known, such things are not among the heritable characteristics. Consequently, the staff of the *Daily Mail* have not the least conception of the laws of biology. Perhaps they spoke with someone else. In that case they have not the least conception of sociology. For collectivism in our country has not yet reached such a stage of development that I as an individual could at the same time be another individual. Lastly, the *Daily Mail* printed an "interview" with me, although I had not the doubtful honour of conversing with representatives of that paper, and should probably have refused such an honour. Consequently, the newspaper has not the least conception of the elementary standards of ethics. How can one not commiserate with the *Daily Mail* on this universalism of manifold illiteracy?—N. B.]

UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE FAMILY

I AM a student of, but not an expert on, industrial economics. Hence I may be mistaken in thinking that the following factors deserve more attention than they have received. If so, perhaps some expert will expose my errors.

First: discussion of the unemployment problem teems with allusions to the effect of State doles and rigid wages. But we hear little of the effect of rigid or flat-rate doles combined with wages varying infinitely according to occupation. Yet the Interim Report of the Unemployment Commission only stresses what we knew already, that the abuses of "the dole," so far as they exist, concern almost entirely low-paid or part-time workers, whose benefits (plus dependants' allowances) exceed little—sometimes actually fall below—their earnings when employed. Proposals to cure this usually centre wholly on greater strictness of rules and administration. They ignore the possibility of making contributions and benefits vary with rates of wages. The Blanesburgh Report touched on this lightly, but dismissed it as impossible for administrative reasons. They may be right, but it is worth noting that practically every other country which has introduced unemployment insurance

grades its contributions and benefits according to wages. Details of nineteen countries will be found in the 1925 Report of the International Labour Office on Unemployment Insurance, brought up to date by a table in the January, 1931, number of the International Labour Review. In nearly all these (including Russia) contributions vary "according to fund" and benefits are limited to a fixed percentage of the normal or actual wages of the contributor. Thus Germany divides contributors into eleven wage groups, and benefits fall from 75 per cent. of basic wage for the lowest paid group to 35 per cent. for the highest paid. Benefits are everywhere (as with us) supplemented by family allowances, but in many cases wages are also so supplemented, this helping still further to correlate wages and benefits.

Another neglected factor concerns the effect of the Great War mortality in increasing the percentage of the population who are applicants for paid employment and decreasing the percentage who are dependent on such applicants. The 1921 Census showed less than ten per cent. of married women as engaged in any kind of paid employment. But probably 70 to 80 per cent. of the might-have-been wives, and a smaller but considerable proportion of the widows of nearly a million men who died in the war, have become applicants for paid employment. Their might-have-been children represent a withdrawn demand for commodities. The lower birth-rate of the survivors represents another withdrawn demand. The consumption of working-class housewives and their children is concentrated mainly on home produced necessaries, such as agricultural produce, textile goods, hosiery, boots, coal, etc. The consumption of childless adults is much more variable, including many foreign luxuries. Do not these facts, taken together, throw some light (*a*) on the unemployment in certain depressed industries; (*b*) on the anomaly so often noted, namely, the apparent ability of the country to sustain its standard of living in spite of exceptional unemployment? When the 1931 Census figures are obtainable, may we not find that the increase in the number of "unemployed" (meaning seekers for work who cannot find it) has been nearly, quite, or more than, balanced by the decrease in the number of "unoccupied" (meaning persons who are not seekers for work, because they are normally dependent)? I do not suggest that an "unoccupied" housewife or child represents the same burden on the community as an "unemployed" wage-earner. Obviously not, since dependants are expected to be kept out of the surplus which the childless wage-earner is free to spend on comforts. Still, even dependants count. The standard of life in a country must be affected by the ratio between its producing hands and its consuming mouths, and the large families and idle daughters of the Victorian era must have represented a burden on production which we are apt to overlook in our concentration on our own peculiar problems.

These two otherwise unrelated factors have this in common: that they both illustrate a curious phenomenon specially characteristic of this country, namely, its neglect of the problem of family dependency as affecting industry. One might imagine that the method of providing for the 21½ million "unoccupied" wives, widows and children, who are somehow carried on the backs of 19½ million occupied persons (1921 Census figures) was of too little importance for serious scientific study. Contrast with this the behaviour of France and Belgium, two of the thriftiest and most realistic nations in the world, who after twelve years' experience of a system of family allowances paid through industrial pools, have chosen this time of exceptional unemployment to make the system universal and compulsory on all employers. Presumably they have done it because it has dawned on them that some form of direct provision is not only juster and more humane, but also more efficient and economical than our plan of assuming that somehow, through the blind working of economic forces, wages will be adjusted to the needs of an imaginary standard family—a plan which in effect cruelly pinches the real families while making provision for millions of phantoms.

Six years ago I discussed this last problem in a book which I called *The Disinherited Family*. The *Times* reviewer and also several economists were good enough to call my argument "unanswerable." It has never been answered, but it has been steadily ignored by practically the whole employers' side of the industrial world. It is our British way with every theory, until it turns into a fist which hits us in the face.

ELEANOR F. RATHBONE.

PHYSICS AND FREE-WILL

AN interesting comedy is being played at the moment by the physicists and the philosophers. The physicist, bewildered by the multitude of contradictory data with which his discoveries increasingly embarrass him, is apt to turn philosopher and insist on supplying metaphysical interpretations to resolve the contradictions. The interpretations include mathematically-minded deities (Sir James Jeans), a universal mind stuff (Professor Eddington) and an ether impregnated with psychical forces (Sir Oliver Lodge). The philosophers, resentful at poaching upon their traditional preserves, riddle the interpretations with criticism, and suggest with all possible politeness to the physicists that they would be well advised to go about their own business and leave the philosophers to look after theirs.

An exchange of courtesies on these lines took place at the Philosophical Congress held at Cambridge last week-end. The main feature of the Congress was a Symposium on "Indeterminacy and Indeterminism," at which Professor Eddington's views were subjected to criticism by a number of philosophers. Professor Eddington's paper embodied two theses with which his recent writings have made us familiar. First, he points out, we have no direct knowledge of matter. "All our knowledge of physical objects is inferential. They are the sources of pressures and tensions transmitted through the surrounding material." In due course the pressures and tensions affect the nervous system of a human body. When this happens "a certain sensation is provoked in the mind"; this is called the sensation of seeing the physical object, but all that we are entitled to say is that the nervous system is being affected in a certain way. The existence of the object is only an inference from this fact. Hence Professor Eddington's conclusion that "the physical universe is primarily a universe populated with inferences."

Facts of this kind are supposed by many, among them Professor Eddington, to favour idealist views of the external world. The world of science, he holds, is not, as it used to be thought, something lying out there in space waiting to be explored by the mind of the physicist; it is the result of an abstraction on the part of the physicist's mind from a reality which underlies it. This reality is almost certainly mental or spiritual in character. Thus the world of science is the result of a process of world building from raw material which the scientist's mind has abstracted. The familiar world is, in Professor Eddington's view, the outcome of another process of world building by the mind of the plain man.

Dr. Schiller on the other hand claimed recent developments in physics as "a bull point for pragmatism," quoting in support of his claim Heisenberg's principle, which he formulated somewhat as follows. A physicist wishing to observe the behaviour of an electron must first throw a beam of light upon it. The effect of the beam is to cause the electron to move away at a velocity so great that it cannot be observed. Hence, as a condition of observing the electron, we must first make it travel too fast for observation.

The significance of this principle, according to Dr. Schiller, was that it showed physics as to be in much the same plight as psychology. The obvious method of studying the mind is introspection. Applying it, however, the psychologist

is met by the disconcerting fact that the mind which he is introspecting is the same as the mind by the means of which the process of introspecting is being performed. The object of examination is, therefore, effected by the circumstances of its being examined. Heisenberg's principle shows that what is true of psychology is no less true of physics; we cannot, it seems, examine a piece of matter without altering what we are examining, which only shows, says Dr. Schiller, that knowing, as pragmatists have always maintained, is a form of doing.

Whether modern physics does in fact justify either of these interpretations is exceeding doubtful. The question is not one which can be pursued here, but it was significant to notice that when Professor Field suggested that Dr. Schiller's interpretation of Heisenberg's principle rested upon a simple confusion of the physical and physiological conditions which must be satisfied before an act of knowing takes place, and the object of knowledge, the suggestion seemed to win general approval.

The philosophers were equally sceptical of Professor Eddington's "Indeterminacy." The old physics envisaged the universe as a mechanically closed system in which every event was determined by every other. "The feature of the present situation," according to Professor Eddington, "is that, whether permanently or temporarily, determinism has disappeared altogether from the basis of modern physics." "The scientific doctrine of indeterminism," he continued, "is that every phenomenon is to a greater or lesser extent indeterminate." Professor Eddington quoted in support of these statements facts such as those connected with the break up of the radium atom. At any given moment, he affirmed, it is undetermined whether the atom will break up at time X or at time Y. Nor, he implied, will any increase of our knowledge of the atom at that moment enable us to infer when it will break up.

To arguments of this type the philosophers are inclined to retort "all this may be as it may be, but it has not the slightest bearing upon the philosophical problem of determinism." In order to realise that it has not, however, it is necessary to define the doctrine accurately. Professor Moore defined it as that doctrine which enabled an assertion to be made about what would have been the case, if something which was in fact the case, had not been something. "Take," says Professor Moore, "a proposition such as 'I am now standing here'; the determinist asserts that if this proposition were false, then some other proposition, which was in fact true in the past, would also have been false."

When the doctrine of determinism is stated in this way, it involves no assumptions with regard to the nature of matter, or even of time. Hence, whatever the physicists may have to tell us about the nature of the physical world, it can have no possible bearing upon the question whether the doctrine is true or false. To Professor Eddington's statement that the basis of physics is no longer deterministic, Professor Moore replied in effect that this might be so, but if it is, then it never was. The basis of physics, it is obvious, has not changed and cannot; what has changed are the metaphysical views held by physicists, views, that is to say, upon questions which belong not to physics but to philosophy. Nor, as Professor Field pointed out, would the acceptance of Professor Eddington's interpretation of physics entail anything in the nature of free will in the sense in which free will has been commonly held. If Professor Eddington is right, there is no necessary reason why anything should happen; there is only a certain probability, which in some cases we are able to estimate, that some things will happen rather than others. But the belief that "any old thing can happen," is not in the least what those who advocate free will wish to maintain. The doctrine of free will asserts that in certain cases human volitions are free; they may be influenced but cannot be necessitated by external circumstances. But to say that human beings can choose freely, is a very different thing from saying that there is no reason why they should choose one thing rather than another. Free will, that is to say, asserts among other things the efficacy of reason, but Professor Eddington's physical indeterminacy implies that events can occur for no reason at all.

Nor, unless we are to adopt the old-fashioned materialist view that the mind is completely determined by the body because in the last resort the mind *is* the body, need any assertion about the way in which matter behaves necessarily affect our views of the workings of the mind. A lamp-post being made of atoms may, if Professor Eddington is right, behave at any moment in a totally unpredictable way, but, unless I too am exclusively made of atoms, unless, that is to say, I am all body, nothing which physics can tell me about the possible behaviour of the lamp-post will completely account for my own.

The truth of the matter seems to be that physics at the moment is more interested in the occurrence of immense numbers of phenomena than in the single phenomenon. The significance of this direction of the physicists' interest was admirably brought out by Professor L. J. Russell. Suppose, he said, that you toss up a penny once; it is impossible to tell whether it will turn up heads or tails. Moreover, even if you toss it up a dozen times you cannot tell what the percentages of heads and tails will be. But if you toss it twelve million times you can by the theory of probability make a fair estimate of the respective percentages, and the greater the number of tosses the greater the accuracy of the estimate. Now the typical situation with which the physicists is concerned at the moment is analogous to the twelve million tosses, and he is enabled to make fruitful deductions with regard to the outcome of such situations. But he is not in a position to deal with a single instance or to tell us anything about it. Hence, the single phenomenon wears an appearance of being undetermined, merely because physics is not at present in a position to make a statement with regard to its cause or outcome. The inference is, that the average physicist is neither a determinist nor an indeterminist, although in regard to isolated cases he is compelled at present to treat them as if they were undetermined. And if that is in fact the truth of the matter, it would seem that the philosophers are right in holding that physics throws no light on the problem of determinism and free will.

C. E. M. JOAD.

COMMUNITY

WHEN I read that community singing was about to be organised at the English seaside resorts, I felt none of the enthusiasm that the newspaper in charge of the organisation seemed to expect from its readers. I can even read of the joys of community walking without any longing to participate in them. When I pass a riverside meadow spiked with the little tents of happy people devoted to community camping, I walk more swiftly than is my wont till the caterwauling of their gramophones has grown faint behind me. If I read of a school at which the pupils are encouraged to engage in community verse-writing, I feel no passionate regret at having been born too soon to enjoy such privileges. Should a movement sweep over the country in favour of community drinking, I should be inclined to withdraw into solitude and drink water.

Nor am I alone in this dislike of community this-ing, that-ing, and the-other-ing. I know a man whose face becomes the face of an assassin at the very mention of the word "community." He spends half his time in community talking inside his own circle (but he does not know that it is community talking, because it has not been organised by a newspaper). From what he says I gather that it is his profound conviction that, outside his own circle, the forty million inhabitants of England, Scotland and Wales ought to apply their energies not to coming together, but to avoid.

ing each other. He would walk a mile to meet a mob of his friends in order to talk to them about his passionate love of solitude and to denounce all these foul modern attempts to bring people together. He declares that England is now ruined because there is no longer any remote spot to which a man may retire in the certainty that his peace will not suddenly be invaded by a horde of lunatics in shorts singing "Daisy Bell" out of tune.

Such a pitch of exaggeration did he lately reach in his denunciation of every kind of "community" enjoyment, that I automatically began to consider the case for the other side. Or rather, I began to consider whether, even from the point of view of anti-social theorists like him and myself, the organisation of "community" pleasures ought not positively to be encouraged. I remembered that, in my own childhood, the invasion of my best-loved seaside town by nigger minstrels drawing fools into a circle was denounced by the conservative as a ruinous innovation. I remembered, too, the bliss of being drawn into that circle and the pleasure I felt in looking at more beautiful faces than I have ever seen since, while the seawind played on my forehead and a tenor with blackened visage sang "The Lost Chord" through his nose. Even to-day "Genevieve" and "Linger Longer, Lucy" and "'E Dunno Where He Are" call up to me, not the memory of their own contents, but a blue sea, and white rocks shining in the sun at the end of a mile of sand, and faces incomparably beautiful brought together by a miracle on a green slope above the bay. And this congregation of holiday-makers in one place had not only the advantage of producing a crowd with its mystical current of happiness: by drawing the crowd into one place, it left great stretches of headland, sand and rock solitary, so that, when one wished to be alone or to enjoy the better solitude of two with a friend, there was half the world to roam in, as empty as a wilderness. From this I early came to the conclusion that crowds are the salvation of the lover of solitude. If there were no crowds, everywhere would be crowded, for other people would have nowhere in particular to go. Persuade other people to come together regularly in a crowd in the same spot, and the problem of the solitary is solved. All the world, save the spot where the crowd is, is his. For this reason it is possible to find solitude, or something near it, even at Margate.

Hence when I saw a photograph in a newspaper on Monday, showing what looked like thousands of hikers being led by a head hiker along a path through a Buckinghamshire cornfield, I resisted my first impulse to cry out upon such a desecration of the countryside. I could not myself enjoy the peace of a ripening cornfield in the company of so vast an omnium gatherum of my fellows. It is to escape from the vast omnium gatherum of my fellows that I resort to cornfields on these rare occasions on which I do resort to them. Still I said to myself, "How excellent a thing to gather all these people into one cornfield! How many other cornfields must in consequence be left solitary in their poppied peace!" I should even like to see the country remapped into districts open to hikers and districts forbidden to them, so that the lover of crowds might enjoy rural retreats in a crowd, while the lover of solitude could enjoy them in greater solitude than ever. Certainly, those who hike in companies ought to be compelled to announce beforehand the routes by which they intend to march. This would be fair both to those who wished to accompany them and to those who wished to avoid them. In this way, community walking could be used to make the country safe for lovers of solitude.

Similarly, I hold that the man who hates crowds ought to rejoice when he hears the gramophones from the tents of a meadowful of community campers. Suppose that these campers loved to camp alone; what meadow would be silent and what stretch of river-bank unpeopled? I have a friend whose misfortune it is to have taken a cottage near a field in which one of these roaring camps has lately established itself, and I sympathise with his indignation, since he hates everything modern, especially everything noisily modern, and, indeed, everything that is done by everybody outside the circle of his friends. I try to comfort him by pointing out that what is his loss is our gain, and that his raucous neighbours, by congregating in one place are doing more to preserve the rural amenities of which he is always talking than all the pamphleteers now writing.

So firmly am I persuaded of the benefits that arise from doing things in the community fashion that I hope before long to inaugurate a movement for community motoring. Even at present most motorists go to the same places, but deleterious articles appear in the press, guiding the motorist into parts of the country still known only to a few. The only way in which these unknown parts can be saved is to popularise the habit of community motoring, and to send all the motorists to certain fixed spots on Saturdays and Sundays. Brighton, I am sure, could find room for twenty times as many cars as visit it at present. And there is not a beauty-spot in the South of England of which the same is not true.

All the Sunday motorists of London, I fancy, could be crowded into about half a dozen beauty-spots in which they would be all the happier because they were there in a crowd. Then the rest of us would have the lanes and the by-ways to ourselves, and would be able to motor about happily in what would be all but a pre-motor England. What I myself keep a motor-car for is to drive to places where a motor-car seems a desecration. If other people went in for community motoring, the number of such places would increase.

If I myself do not engage in community anything, it is not from any sense of superiority to those who do. There are people who regard the community way of doing things as a modern newspaper stunt, but, in point of fact, it is as old almost as human nature. Scholars tell us that it was in community dancing and community singing that the Greek drama had its origin. Human beings did not wait for newspapers to tell them to sing and dance in crowds. Man is a social animal, and, when I was a boy, it was only by the pressure of the police that people were kept from crowding together. I have heard a policeman say "Three's a crowd. Move on," when three of us were doing a bit of community talking under a lamp-post. I should not be surprised to learn that it was the police, and not the popular will, that put an end to community enjoyment in the fairly modern world—to fairs and revels, such as those once held at the White Horse at Westbury Hence this community business is merely a return to nature. So long as it is not made compulsory it shall have my vote, like anything else that anybody objects to with undue vehemence.

Y. Y.

TRUANT

ALAS! I spent all yesterday at Lord's.
How can I comment on the Liberal split,
Or Europe waiting, torn by doubts and fears,
To see what hope the Hoover plan affords
Of stanching (for all time) her running sore,
While still I call to mind each flashing hit,
While still I hear the echo of the cheers
With which we greeted Ratcliffe's record score?

One ought to lay these childish things aside:
And yet, you'll own, 'tis pleasant to forget,
Just for a while, the price we all may pay
For Snowden's petulance, and Simon's pride,
And France, insistent on her sacred claim
To squeeze the utmost farthing she can get
From foes or from Allies of yesterday,
And fix our eyes on nothing but a game.

Thank Heaven! I spent all yesterday at Lord's!

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

THE FASCIST TERROR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Those who have Italian friends and acquaintances who have been sent to *confino* will be interested to learn, on the unimpeachable authority of Commendatore Villari, that the "politicals" are held in company with "disreputable money-lenders, card-sharpers, procurers, men living on the earnings of prostitutes or otherwise connected with the white slave traffic, and others who by no stretch of imagination can be regarded as desirable citizens."—Yours, etc.,

GRAHAM WALLAS.

38 St. Leonards Terrace,
Chelsea, S.W.3.
July 3rd.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I have just read, in your issue of the 27th June, the article on "The Fascist Terror" from a correspondent recently in Italy. Having spent the second half of May in Rome myself, I find that my impressions of the present situation in Italy are rather different from your correspondent's.

This was my first visit to Italy under the Fascist regime, and I went in the expectation of finding (in your correspondent's words) that "a certain section of the community," having been roused by the Fascist Government "to a belief in violence . . . to-day in some form or other dominates almost every sphere of Italian life." To my surprise, this was not at all the impression that I actually received. Of course, under an authoritarian regime, it is peculiarly difficult for a foreigner on a brief visit to probe down to the realities beneath the appearances; and, though I do not happen to have come across any facts of the kind which your correspondent describes, I also have no first-hand evidence that is contradictory to, or incompatible with, your correspondent's statements of fact in detail. What I am rather inclined to question, in the light of my own experience, for what it may be worth, is whether the general picture of contemporary Italy, which seems to emerge from your correspondent's article, is in the right focus and proportion, even on the assumption, which I am making, that all his statements of particular facts are correct.

I think it is possible that, if your correspondent and I were Italians, we should come into collision with the Fascist regime and should find ourselves in prison or in exile; and obviously a state of affairs in which these are the penalties of independent-mindedness in politics is a still greater misfortune for the country in which it exists than for the individuals who suffer from it personally. I do not at all wish to minimise this evil; but at the same time I believe that a very great majority of the men, women and children of Italy to-day are living their lives and going about their business with as little consciousness of living under an oppressive regime as people have to-day in Great Britain or in France. I believe this because I know, from having travelled, within the last two years, in Turkey and Russia, what the atmosphere of "the police state" is. From the moment when he sets foot in either of those two countries nowadays, the foreign traveller becomes aware, at every turn, of the people's uneasiness *vis-à-vis* the Government authorities. I can only say that, contrary to my expectation, I felt nothing of this very distinct and unmistakable Russo-Turkish atmosphere in Italy this last May.

Again, I attended two sittings of the Special Tribunal for the Defence of the State at Rome during the trial of a group of Milanese Liberals who were accused of conspiracy against the Fascist regime. This public trial was, of course, subsequent to the preliminary investigation or "instruction" in camera which precedes the public trial in the legal procedure of Italy, as in that of some other Latin countries. I do not know what these prior proceedings were like, or how far the course of the proceedings which I witnessed was pre-determined by them. I was struck, however, by the following small points which did come within my own direct observation. First, though I presented myself at the door of the Court without previous notice and without any credentials (even without my passport), I was admitted by the usher straight away, without any demur. Secondly, the trial was conducted without any brow-beating or high-handedness. When the prisoners' counsel or the prisoners themselves wanted to speak, the President of the Court always gave them a courteous hearing and never cut them short. Thirdly, when I mentioned afterwards, on two or three separate occasions, to Italian acquaintances, who were strong supporters of the Fascist regime, that I had been attending the sittings of the Special Tribunal, they at once expressed pleasure at my having done so, without waiting to hear what my impression had been. I concluded (I think, rightly) that the Fascists believe that, in the public proceedings of the Special Tribunal, they have nothing to lose and something to gain by the presence of foreign lookers-on.

As a result of my fortnight in Rome I have not come away with any comprehensive positive judgment about Fascism. (On the basis of a fortnight's rather superficial observation, any such pretension would be absurd.) But my previous expectations have been so far falsified by such facts as I was able to observe that I do now suspend judgment pending further investigation.—Yours, etc.,

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

Ganthorpe House,
Terrington, York.
July 2nd.

TIMBER LABOUR IN RUSSIA

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I have just read Lord Olivier's article under the above title in your number of June 13th. While not wishing in any way to quarrel with the general tone of the article, there are two points in which the words used by Lord Olivier seem to me to be likely to cause misapprehension.

He says "The Kulaks . . . are . . . to be exterminated." If he had used the word (which he uses elsewhere) "liquidated," he would have conveyed an accurate idea to that small number of people who have learnt the meaning of this very convenient term that translators from Russian have added to the English language. The point is that it is the Kulak *qua* Kulak that has to be dealt with, not the Kulak *qua* individual. When he has by persuasion or *force majeure* been redeemed from the error of his ways he takes his place as a "worker," that is, a citizen of the Soviet Republic.

The second point I would call attention to is that there seems to be an implicit definition of the term Kulak in his words "to punish the Kulak for having led the immoral life of a small farmer or agricultural produce dealer." Anyone who has even a superficial knowledge of the conditions of the Russian village knows that this in reality means a man who has been in a position to exploit his poorer neighbours, and has, as a matter of fact, exploited them with a savage ferocity that you would have to go back to the early years of the nineteenth century to find any parallel to in England.

I might add that anyone who should read into Lord Olivier's article that any man who has ever served in the White Armies is condemned to forced labour would be grotesquely wide of the mark. In a fairly wide circle of friends and acquaintances I can number more than a few who made this miscalculation and who are now earning their living just like anybody else.—Yours, etc.,

ALEX WICKSTEED.

Moscow.
June 28th.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH MEDICINE?

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

Sir,—*The Management of Patients*, leading towards *The Path to Success in Medicine*, may interest those unfortunates who practise in the more expensive parts of London, and other pleasant places; but in the industrial Midlands and North we can afford to be, though we aren't always, honest. True, we prescribe bottles of medicine. Why not? In our constant warfare with ill-being, and actual ill-health, we must use weapons. The "bottle" is a most subtle weapon—provided it is supplied in a suitable way, with the necessary words of encouragement. And quite often the contents really do help. Mist Rhei cum Soda, for instance, is a very present help in times of certain sorts of trouble. Something in the Opium line: the Iodides and Bromides and Salicylates: Iron in one form or another—all these are invaluable. What of Digitalis? The distressed heart patient

has reason to bless the observant old woman who first learned of the comfort hidden in the foxglove. And so on . . .

What really is wrong is that so many of us have not the time, the opportunity, or—so it would seem here and there—the desire to make a careful diagnosis on which to base the choice of "bottle." That is due partly, as "H. R." has pointed out, to the fact that so pathetically many of us are playing lone hands; partly to the obvious fact that Medicine has become very largely commercialised, materialised—call it what you will. I deplore with "H. R." the separation of medicine from religion and philosophy; and by "religion and philosophy" I do not mean anything esoteric or difficult to understand. I mean the simple creed held by the old-time Family Doctor. You may learn something of it, as put into practice, if you will study *Sixpenny Pieces*—one of the best doctor-books ever written. If "H. R." doesn't know it from cover to cover he ought to!

He says that the G.P. has no organic link with the sanitary service, or with the hospital. That is generally true. But why? If he hasn't it is his own fault—at any rate in towns. He should be in close touch with the sanitary service. Quite a number of Medical Officers of Health are human beings who enjoy meeting their fellows. As to the hospitals, there is no reason why the G.P. should not drop in whenever he feels like it. Some do. Most of them don't. Why?

The answer is not difficult to supply. The younger men, for some reason or other, seem to have got jerked out of *The Tradition*. That is the fault, very largely, of the Panel System, which, with its regulations and what not, has turned the practice of medicine into a business. Let those who question that meditate on this—a panel doctor is pulled up here and there, and from time to time. For professional carelessness or slackness? Sometimes. But in the great proportion of cases it is on some commercial charge—"excessive prescribing," carelessness in certification, something which leads to undue expenditure of money. That is at the root of much of our trouble.

May I refer "H. R." to the Oath of Salerno? If that were still submitted to every young graduate we should be vexed less with the question, "What's wrong?"—Yours, etc.,

35 Birmingham Road, Walsall. FRANK G. LAYTON.
July 5th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I protest that your contributor, "H. R.," who writes on "What's wrong with the medical profession," is unfair and misleading when he takes out of its context half a sentence and gives the words a meaning which it is obvious their author ("the official head of the medical profession in this country") did not intend them to bear.

The words "The first and last enemy of man on the earth is disease of the body" occur on the first page of a book which certainly does not ignore the dangers of "separation of the medical art from religion and philosophy" and which gives Wesley and Humanism a large place in its story of the growth of preventive medicine.—Yours, etc.,

88 Ollerton Road, N.11. GEORGE PEVERETT.
July 7th.

THE CHURCH

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The writer of the article on the ministry of the Church of England mentioned only one kind of agency making for a more fluid system of reinforcing it, the Protestant and Catholic trusts. For the past six years other methods, originally suggested by a Cambridge undergraduate, have been tried by the great missionary societies in order that their needs might be better known in various dioceses, both rural and industrial. To help them, undergraduates of many different schools volunteered to go on short preaching tours. They prepared themselves mainly by private reading, and finally by attending a brief retreat in the diocese which they were to tour.

I have ventured to bring this experiment to your notice because I think that most of those who took part in it would agree with me that the local clergy seemed, on the whole, to approve of our work and the method of organising it. Unfortunately, their reports have never, as far as I know, been published. Yet detailed criticism would be of great value.

At the same time, the insight which we had into the work of the Church might also have given our observations some value, if we had been given the opportunity to record them in a suitable form.—Yours, etc.,

St. Dunstan's College, Catford, S.E.6. STEPHEN D. USHERWOOD.
June 30th.

FREE SPEECH IN CHILDHOOD

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—It is disappointing to find in Mr. Russell's reply to mine no attempt to answer the points raised, but only a series of unfounded indictments. One cannot carry on discussion with an antagonist who refuses argument, but I feel that it is impossible to remain quite silent, since Mr. Russell is not content with bringing charges against myself, but proceeds to bring them also against the whole body of psycho-analysts—a somewhat reckless proceeding, surely. And it is especially remarkable that Mr. Russell, who appears very indignant at my "dogmatism," should himself indulge in sweeping statements unsupported by one jot of evidence. I think that readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, remembering the work of such psycho-analysts as—I take only three of the outstanding names—Freud, Ferenczi, Abraham, will hardly accept the theory of the "tendency to dogmatism without experience," which Mr. Russell says he finds among psycho-analysts.—Yours, etc.,

13 Guilford Street, W.C.1. BARBARA LOW.
July 1st.

WHAT IS A LIBERAL?

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In the old days we used to think a Liberal was one who believed in the rights of groups of individuals—they might be Irishmen, they might be South Africans—to mind their own business.

Yet there were forty-three Liberals who voted against the Sunday Performances (Regulation) Bill which seeks to give local authorities the right to open cinemas on Sunday. Is not local option a fundamental principle of Liberalism?

Liberal electors should welcome the discussions of the Special Committee now examining the details of this Bill. It will afford them an excellent opportunity of finding out just exactly what a present-day Liberal is.—Yours, etc.,

4 Mill Street, W.1. PAUL TRENT.
July 7th.

DR. SPRAGUE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Prof. Clay's analogy to your "answer to Dr. Sprague" is a completely false one. A more correct comparison would be to the tyrant whose "cure" for those who did not fit his bed has become legendary. While both "diagnoses" as to the "maladjustment" are equivocally correct, none but Dr. Clay endorses the preposterous remedy.—Yours, etc.,

Steyning, Sussex. GEOFFREY BIDDULPH.
July 5th.

THE EAST AFRICA INQUIRY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The unanimity of sectionalist denunciation of the Government's proposals on East Africa may be evidence that those proposals are a sound basis for the compelled harmonisation of interests that is essential for general progress. The Committee should recall that dissatisfaction with them is coterminous with sectionalism.

Little evidence has been taken on the Common Roll for the Kenya Council franchise, the crux of the political issue, and, since all interests fight shy of political consequences of economic unification, the dominating factor in continued postponement of economic progress.

Since Indians last shared in Council work there has been considerable rise among them of professional men and of activity in business of distinguished Kenya-born graduates. Are these to gather final impressions of the politics of their homeland in an atmosphere that forces them to extremism through influences that act also on young Europeans? Bogies of twenty years ago are artificially sustained though the ancient fragile substance

has disappeared. A generation of new principles both of race antagonism and of its expression is being prevented from steps towards that emancipation from prejudice that educative contact on a common platform could give.

If and when Indians rejoin the Council on a communal franchise it is unlikely that the sane, experienced men who know Europeans well will return: these younger, more intractable groups, conscious of claims and repression, and wholly ignorant of their "opposite numbers," will represent one side of a needless controversy and their inevitable attitude create greater bitterness on the other side. The Council debates will be incomparably more futile than in the worst days of popular initiation into government; unexpected, intenser bitterness will replace the present absence of active co-operation, and the life of the Colony will stand still.

Counting heads, the basis of informal elections that precede nomination to the Council, will place the demagogue in a fatally secure position of power, since hot-headedness is already relegating moderation and statesmanship, among Indians, to impotence.

The Common Roll, with the safeguards offered by Indians, would be at once a recognition of the citizenship of many who have known no other home than Kenya, and are taking increasingly high rank in its life, and a practical avoiding of the clash of extremists, in a moment when co-operation is the price of survival.

Had Sir Edward Grigg adopted in Africa the principle England has taught as the counter to extremism and its cost at home, he might have been gratefully remembered there; but perhaps "liberal unionism" is no principle for races that Authority believes can be governed only in division.

They only need fear the Native franchise, as does he, who ignore the lessons of the Indian position in Kenya and their bearing on the problems of the rising westernised African.

The Committee cannot re-echo the defeatism of its witnesses or recommend no removal of its cause. The principles of the Common Roll if applied will allay the terrors no less of the Kenya Whites than of the Baganda Natives: permission of continued resistance to those principles will bring materialisation to those terrors.—Yours, etc.,

London. WAYFARER.
June 22nd.

BEER AND MR. LANSBURY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your support of Mr. Lansbury's scheme for allowing the sale of alcoholic drinks in the grounds of Hampton Court Palace is sensible and just.

We not only want less interference in the sale of drink, but good beer should be once again restored to the people of this country.

I have recently travelled about the many arterial roads where extensive building operations are in progress and feel disgusted at the rubbish men engaged in this laborious work have to drink. Everybody with experience of manual labour will agree that liquid refreshment is a necessity. In the past, wholesome and cheap ale was available, and I have yet to learn that it did anything but good to the drinker. To-day, the only beer worth drinking is far too high in price for workmen and, in consequence, they have to be satisfied with the most ridiculous and injurious substitutes. Alleged "tea" is hawked round in pails, to which is attached a heating apparatus which keeps it boiling for hours, and this abominable mixture is drunk with disastrous results to the digestive organs. Rival purveyors supply an evil-looking concoction, bright yellow in colour, which they aver is lemonade, and this is drunk out of sticky, unclean glasses, all to satisfy a body of cranks who, possibly, have never done a hard day's manual work in their lives, and, in consequence, know nothing of a healthy thirst.

All along our modern arterial roads are dirty, unweatherproof huts which sell a poisonous fluid called, by a pleasant fiction, "tea." These establishments cater for the many lorry-drivers going from town to town. The water supply and general hygiene of such places can be better imagined than described.

All this could be stopped if good beer at a low price was obtainable, and legislators who have the health of the people at heart should do all they can to make it obtainable.

There is no substitute for beer. It is, or was, our national beverage, and such was its popularity that workmen were connoisseurs of it. A large variety of beers were brewed and brewers vied with each other to secure perfection. The drunkenness of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was not due to beer, but gin. The following, written by the Rev. James Townley in 1751, proves this:

> Gin, cursed fiend with fury fraught,
> Makes Human Race a prey,
> It enters by a deadly draught
> And steals our life away.
> Beer, happy produce of our isle,
> Can sinewy strength impart,
> And wearied with fatigue and toil,
> Can chear each manly heart.

Gin drinking is now confined to a higher class of society, but they, more refined, call it "Cocktail."

Of course, there *are* people who would drink too much beer. But there are also people who habitually over-eat themselves and have to undergo a course of starvation at a foreign spa, annually, to get into trim for another orgy, but nobody advocates universal starvation on this account.—Yours, etc.,

27 Waverley Grove, N.W.4. FREDK. WILLIS.
July 4th.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I notice in your last issue that Mr. Constant Lambert is castigating the gramophone companies for the "strange but not unwonted lethargy" into which they have fallen.

Perhaps you will allow one who for over ten years was intimately associated with one of the leading companies on the educational and musical side of its business to reply to some of Mr. Lambert's criticisms.

If Mr. Lambert could spend an hour examining record sales over a period of, say, one year he would not speak of "thousands of people who heard the *ballet*, 'Children's Tales,' being willing to buy a record of them." These thousands simply do not exist as record buyers.

Sometimes well-known and popular classical works for which, judging by Promenade Concert standards, there should be a large public, crawl painfully and slowly to their first thousand, never advancing much beyond. Or, which is more shocking, they sell about a thousand copies immediately on issue, but in succeeding months only a few tens.

It is impossible to go deeper into this matter without revealing official secrets which, though now engaged upon other work, I am unwilling to do, but would like to add a word about Mr. Lambert's suggestion that H.M.V. and Columbia should form a society "entitling the members to a complete catalogue of the exotic records produced and the right to purchase them at ordinary terms." Again his prophecy of a thousand members is far too sanguine, but apart from this a staff of linguists would be needed to compile such a catalogue and when ready it would mean as much to the ordinary musician as a seed catalogue to a Cockney.

I have been in correspondence with foreign branches about these records which are, many of them, only pressed, not recorded, at headquarters, and know how impossible it is to get useful information about them. The readers of the *N.S. & N.* were once circularised about their use of the gramophone and these questionnaires passed through my hands. They were not encouraging.

Finally, the National Gramophonic Society, on the committee of which I was, still needs its first thousand members and it has been in existence over five years.—Yours, etc.,

The Cottages, Apsley, ALEC ROBERTSON.
Pulborough, Sussex.
July 4th.

THOMAS HARDY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Apropos of your reviewer's discerning notice of Mr. McDowall's book on Thomas Hardy, it is interesting to remember that one point he discusses was much canvassed at the time of Hardy's death, viz.: whether the author's fame would chiefly rest on his poetry or his novels. *The Times*, I recollect, was emphatic for the poetry and particularly *The Dynasts*. THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION pronounced for the novels. Your reviewer (rightly, I think—and I have read the whole of Hardy) follows the previous verdict of your paper. One of his

phrases provokes a comment on *The Dynasts*. "Can the Pities," he asks, "ever speak with the sure voice of Marty Smith?" "The Pities" are speaking in the last verse of the drama and it is a verse which has been much perverted in the interpretation of Hardy :—

> But—a stirring thrills the air
> Like to sounds of joyance there,
> That the rages of the ages
> Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the darts that were,
> Consciousness the Will informing, till It fashion all things fair.

That, surely, was only meant by Hardy as the fond aspiration of the Pities who say it, and who throughout are more conspicuous for heart than head. Just before the Spirit Ironic says, "'Tis handsome of our Pities so to sing." Yet those who are irked by Hardy's pessimism have seized on this verse to bracket him with believers in the comfortable doctrine that all comes right in the end! But who that knows Hardy well would dream of attributing to him the weakness of finding a refuge in so shallow a hope, a hope which even if fulfilled would neither undo, nor atone for, a tragic past? The true Hardy, as your reviewer puts it, is found in "that fallen and sweeter account of human life and the fate which wrecks it," expressed in all his great novels and *left at that*.—Yours, etc.,

Chevington Grove, W. S. GODFREY.
Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.
6th July.

CONTRACT BRIDGE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I would not encourage anyone to make a "fetish" of Culbertson, or of any other prophet; and I agree with Mr. Scott that Contract would be a poor game if the bidding of every hand were a foregone conclusion. But I stressed Culbertson's views in my letter of June 27th because it was to Culbertson's authority that Mr. Lunn appealed.

At the same time, I make no secret of the fact that I am basing my "Illustrative Hands" upon Culbertson's principles. One must bid according to *some* system, for the simple reason that the conditions of bidding afford only a limited opportunity to exchange information, and hence, in bidding, economy of statement is all-important. And in my view Culbertson's plan is the least arbitrary and the most easily grasped.

I am *still* unrepentant about my bidding of hand No. XI. Mr. Davies says that Culbertson (sorry, Mr. Scott!) would "*unquestionably* test out a heart call." Frankly, I don't think so. I have been all through the *Contract Bridge Blue Book* and can find no example of even a secondary suit call where the suit strength is below the "biddable minimum." I agree with Mr. Davies that 4, 4, 4, 1 is not a nice no-trump distribution; but bidding quite often involves a choice of risks. There would not be much fun in the game if it did not.—Yours, etc.,

CALIBAN.

Miscellany

THE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL

THE International Society for Contemporary Music was founded to get a hearing for new works by contemporary composers. That such a Society is needed there can be no doubt. At least, there can be no doubt of the need in these days of having some organisation which will make known through performance compositions from which purely commercial organisations cannot make money immediately and in quantities. This is true not only for music but for poetry and drama also. Nobody who has not carefully studied the history of the eighteenth century in Europe can have the slightest idea of the enormous role played in artistic production by the private patron. All the artists, great and small, of every order of talent and character, owed their maintenance and their activity to private patrons—princes, bishops, merchants, *i.e.*, to a rich and powerful *individual* of some sort.

Whatever his faults and shortcomings (and they were always many!) such an individual patron never approached the artist with the idea of making money out of him—which is the sole way of approach nowadays except, perhaps, in Russia. The current criterion, which values artistic production by its money-making capacity, did not then exist, because popular education and democracy had not yet created a numberless and featureless mob for the *entrepreneur* (that new middleman who enters the field of art for the first time in history in the nineteenth century) to exploit. The small cultured public was as susceptible to fashion and as fickle and snobbish as it is to-day. These are harmless, I would even say necessary, vices. Snobism is the tribute ignorance pays to knowledge, and to be a snob is to show humility, for a snob in art, as everywhere else, is merely a person who admires what he thinks the best people admire. There is very little harm in that. But the masses are also snobs, and when they followed their princes, bishops and other leaders in the eighteenth century they went wrong wherever their leaders went wrong, which was very often. But the great distinction between then and now was that their leaders, having thoroughly exploited them economically and politically, did not need to make money out of them by selling them plays, music, literature, and pictures. There was no mass production of these things. That is a discovery of the twentieth century. Actually, there was a responsibility between the leaders and the led which no longer exists. In the eighteenth century every man knew very well who his master was and exactly how he behaved to him. To-day nobody knows when he enters a theatre or a concert hall who is exploiting him, or what is the real power behind the scenes, or why he is being cajoled by advertisement or some other form of touting to patronise this particular display. All he can be certain of is that somebody has got something to sell. To-day everybody has something to sell, and the flattering, cringing attitude of the press and the hired salesmen to the public is merely the clever means the mass producer uses to entice the masses to swallow his junk wholesale. To swallow it in mere detail, on a small scale, is useless. He cannot make money in that way. A public of hundreds is worthless, a public of thousands contemptible, only a public of millions *pays*. And, naturally, the millions must be told that they read the best books, hear the best music, go to the best plays. For, being human, many of them want to do this, although there are some strong-souled individuals who know what they like and think what they don't like must be bad. There used to be only a few of these, but everybody is encouraged to get into this frame of mind to-day by those who have a mass product to sell and have developed the art of salesmanship.

This year the International Festival of the Society for Contemporary Music is being held, for the first time, at Oxford. The Festival lasts from July 21st to July 28th, and opens with a concert of early English choral music at the Town Hall, on Wednesday, July 22nd. A glance at the programme of the Festival will show that the Society is fulfilling one of its functions, that of performing works by contemporary composers, because the programme of the concert on Thursday, July 23rd, at the Sheldonian Theatre contains the names of Lew Knipper, Roger Sessions, Josef Koffler, Jean Huré, Egon Wellesez, Jan Maklakiewicz, and Ernesto Halffter—all of whom are practically unknown to the English musical public. On Friday, July 24th, at the New Theatre, Oxford, our English composers get a chance, and are represented by R. Vaughan Williams and Constant Lambert, whose ballets, *Job* and *Pomona*, have been performed in London by the admirable Camargo Society, which may do for English ballet what the Stage Society once did for English drama, but this is the first chance the general public and foreign musicians will have of hearing these works. The only other living English composer to be represented is Eugene Goossens, whose second sonata for violin and pianoforte will be played at the Sheldonian Theatre on Saturday evening, July 25th. The two last concerts will be given at the Queen's Hall, London, on

July 27th and 28th, when orchestral compositions by Dukelsky, Palester, Anton von Webern, Constant Lambert, Virgilio Mortari, George Gershwin, V. Vogel, F. Quinet, Szymanovsky, Szabo, Castro Roussell and Vaughan Williams will be played by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra.

How well the Committee of the International Society for Contemporary Music performs its function of selecting the works to be presented each year at the annual festival I am not in a position to judge. No committee is likely to be satisfactory. There never yet has been a committee formed, either of professionals or of amateurs, which functioned well in the selecting of works of art for prize awards or for performance. In the first place, it is an arduous and thankless task to select from the mass of material available. Secondly, committees are apt to compromise and act from political or diplomatic rather than from artistic motives, and, thirdly, those who become members of such committees are rarely the men best qualified to pick out the most promising and original work.

Having made these reservations, one can only wait until one has heard the results of their selection this year. In the meantime, however, the Society deserves to be supported by all those interested in music, for it does at least present some—if not the best—unknown contemporary music to the public and gives composers and amateurs a chance of coming into closer touch. But the very need for this Society and its continued existence under unfavourable criticism (for such exists) is a witness of something radically wrong with our social life as far as its artistic life and creative production are concerned. There is no natural channel of communication open to-day between the young creative artist and the public. All the machinery of production and performance is in the hands of the middleman, who is merely a trader out to make money as quickly and as easily as possible. What possible interest can such a middleman have in good music, or good drama? He cannot even know it when he sees it, and why should he? His function is to sell a product that can be turned out in large quantities and consumed rapidly in large quantities and then thrown away to make room for his new products. The very existence of "classics" and their annual repetition, such as we get during the opera season at Covent Garden, is anathema to him and against all his interests. It is in his interest to destroy all art and to sap in the people all belief in its existence. And everywhere around us to-day you may watch his subtle influences at work in this direction.

W. J. TURNER.

SPANISH OLD MASTERS

YET another of life's little ironies was accomplished when the Ambassador of the new Spanish Republic opened the exhibition of old masters by Spanish artists at Messrs. Tomas Harris's galleries. For the spectacle was afforded of democracy personified standing sponsor to aristocracy, of the representative of triumphant revolution introducing a collection of pictures whose essential properties are Catholic and royal. Saints, courtiers, an infant queen and a prince of debauchery are the subjects of the greater number of the canvases, whose magnificence, however, depends on more than subject alone. The august personages might as well have been so many bumpkins had not a nobility of gesture, a grand manner in the painting itself, rendered them so convincing. Here is religion which is genuinely inspired, majesty which is not empty, and rhetoric really eloquent. The Spanish painters, one feels, believed in the spiritual realities of which their subjects were the symbols. Thus El Greco's crucified Christ seems actually from a bleak earth to be launched towards Heaven, Zurbaran's penitent Magdalen heavy with all sorrow, and Valdes-Leal's dead Don Juan a portrait of Death itself.

The characters represented are more than lay-figures. They are more, too, than studies in form, combinations of colour or exercises in design. Modern painting is bereft of the Spanish magnificence because it finds, for the most part, in the successful presentation of those three elements an end in itself. It is sinking into arid decadence for lack of connection with ideas beyond technical accomplishment, and the renaissance will come only when a belief in the subject on its own account is added to a belief merely in its appearance. The Spanish painters realised that a picture was the better for its weight of suggestion; but then they believed in what they suggested, and it is to faith, which can be secular as well as religious, that their work owes much of its impressiveness.

But in most cases the technique was there to begin with. From the point of view of the painting alone, nearly all the pictures in this exhibition are entirely satisfying, and the Zurbarans are something of a revelation. For the exuberance of his craftsmanship made him prone to over-emphasis, or an emptiness of mere virtuosity. But the *St. Francis*, *The Penitent Magdalen* and the *Saint* with the black robe are pictorially relevant in every inch of their canvas, and admirably controlled in scale of colour. And the *Still Life* with the singing reds of the pears and apples and the cool grey of the plates is as fresh and contemporary now as on the day when it was painted. The Ribera *St. Jude Thaddeus* is as strong and disciplined as the *St. Peter* is weak. Valdes-Leal's *Adoration of the Magi*, with its splendid gesture of the cloaked lancer in the left foreground, and his *Presentation at the Temple*, with its scattered roses and gilded statuary, sweep away the menace of chiaroscuro, which besets a great deal of late Spanish painting, with alertness and gaiety; they make the livid mask of his Don Juan all the more compelling. The El Greco *Crucifixion* and *St. Dominic* are two remarkably fine examples of his work, while his *Illustration of a Spanish Proverb*, though less characteristic, is enchanting. There is no tortured intensity, but quiet enjoyment and delightful elegance, besides all the attraction of a problem picture. The key to the lady lighting the candle, the smiling gallant and the sardonic ape is lost for ever, but the best guess made fixes the proverb as, "The man is fire, the woman is tow, the devil comes and blows." In any case, the picture, with its inexplicable subtlety and hint of emotional complications, would make an ideal subject for a poem of Gongora, and the poet himself is just across the room, stern and inquisitorial in Velasquez's portrait. And for further treasures there are Goya's pensive *Doña Antonia Zárate* and the portrait of himself being assisted in illness by his doctor. But the whole exhibition is interesting, and across the centuries these Spanish old masters, perhaps more than those of other countries, are full of significance for the present day.

T. W. EARP.

LONDON SIGHTS

Rush Hour in the Underground

EVERYONE was packed close together in the train. Short people stood with their faces up. Women held pinioned between strangers looked patient and unimplicated. The men who had room held swaying newspapers. Everybody lurched together, compact and tired.

The train rushed into Oxford Circus, and everybody turned towards the door shuffling forward an inch at a time. Once on the platform everybody hurried. Young men buttoned the lower buttons of their jackets, gripped despatch cases and ran, winding like grape vines. As they went their trousers blew back, and showed legs inside their suits.

Everybody wound through the tube, not looking at posters, pushing against the rush of air. Everybody's eyes gazed blindly at the backs that rose and fell, and the legs that scissored desperately.

A short, compact woman hurried with the rest. Her coat

was bought to keep her warm, and her country cheeks were framed by a hat put on without aid of mirror. She stared straight ahead and other people pushed past her. Suddenly she cried out sharply, "God, God, I wish I was going to a home, and not to a room!"

Everybody hurried, no one heard.

Her steps flagged, people bumped into her. She faltered and then paused in an archway with the insanity of loneliness growing in her eyes.

Court Ladies

They simpered in the sun and the crowd stared at them. They knew they were being looked at and felt foolish but pleased. Their eyes were vapid and round. They had been arranged and were still under the spell of being perfectly put, but it made them very placid as they turned their small heads from side to side.

The crowd pressed close and the eyes of the Court ladies grew more primly vacant. They were unaware that their white garb was a dingy grey, but perhaps this was unavoidable as they had been waiting so long. The crowd liked the white wigs that the Court ladies wore and they certainly fitted very neatly; tight, sleek, elegant, small, pulling their yellow eyes open in a perfect circle and showing there was no guile within.

All at once one of the Court ladies opened her mouth, wide, completely, altogether. The crowd shivered with indescribably intimate feelings and gazed with awful fascination. She held it open and turned to right and left so that everyone might see how she was doing it. Her mouth was transparent. It was like a long, yellow, hungry flower; still undecided as to what shape it intended to be. It trembled, and distended, and was more than one could stand. Then, indifferent to the crowd, or perhaps because of it, and just to show she did not mind going one step further for the poor, common creatures, she opened something more, and there in her throat was a trap door. A wonderful red-purple trap door that presumably had ideas of its own about what it would put out or take in.

The crowd was almost fainting, but rapidly came to feel that they liked the lady's insides almost better than her out. Then she closed her mouth, and the crowd was not sure that it had not been swallowed, but delicately, discreetly, with a more than débutante nicety, the pelican in St. James' Park resumed her basking in polite prominence.

Our Girls

She stood high in the lingerie department, and naturally, for it was clear that she had an affinity with crêpe de Chine. She was slender and soft, more a fold than a contour, and her finish was the latest product of refined industry. Perhaps born in a hairdresser's window, out of Wax Model by Marcel, her speech was like cold cream pressed out of a tube, and her nails were so pink they made you blink.

She was serving nightdresses. As a matter of fact, she was serving them to a customer, but being perfect and complete in herself she was only faintly aware of the customer, and felt more interest in a conversation she was having with a fellow immortal who was standing sublimely idle.

"Well I said to him, I said, 'You know yourself I'm a hiker,' but—Four guineas, modom, but I've something better if you prefer it. This is a sweet thing, and only five pounds ten. Of course, the lace is not real at that price, you couldn't expect it."

Then that deeper note of human feeling that at times betrays the strongest, came into her voice, and turning in distaste from the customer, she said, "I did twenty-seven miles, though I wish you could have seen my feet!" Again she was interrupted and she had to drop from mellifluous heights, "Oh, nothing cheaper, modom. Well, naturally, one wouldn't think of washing them, but if the first impression is good I don't think that matters, do you?"

While the customer was dealing with that she said to her friend, "I liked it! I told him I did, but I would not camp. I said to him, 'No, I don't think camping is nice, and besides, I cannot stand worms in my food.'"

FLORIDA PIER.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Madame Rubinstein's Season

MADAME IDA RUBINSTEIN is well known in Paris but this is the first time she has appeared in London, bringing with her a French and Russian company of actors, dancers and musicians. Her first production at Covent Garden—the first in this country—of Gabriel d'Annunzio's mystery play, *Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien*, with Debussy's music, was extremely interesting. The setting by Leon Bakst is one of the best of that artist's and as a spectacle this production is magnificent. The scene of the sacred grove of Apollo where Sebastien is martyred is extraordinarily fine. The play itself may be dismissed as a supreme example of the vulgar virtuosity of which d'Annunzio is so great a master, but having dismissed it one returns to it again and recognises that it achieves supremely well what it sets out to perform, that Debussy's music, which has a certain power and beauty, fits its subject perfectly, and that Madame Rubinstein, with Leon Bakst and her producer, Armand Bour, has succeeded in achieving an artistic unity out of the *baroque* Italian, Russian and French elements which compose this strange but magnificently spectacular gallimaufry. There is always something to be said for virtuosity and this production is pure virtuosity so completely emptied of meaning as to become actually attractive.

The Camargo Society

The latest performance of the Camargo Society received a rapturous reception. The programme began with the Old Vic Ballet dancing an Æsop fable, *The Jackdaw and the Pigeons*, to melodious music by Mr. Hugh Bradford. Next came the first performance of *Job*, a masque by Mr. Geoffrey Keynes, produced by Miss Ninette de Valois with music by Dr. Vaughan Williams. This was an attempt to realise upon the stage Blake's designs, with transitions from one tableau to another by movements which the producer felt to be appropriate to the figures. It seems to me that such an enterprise is based upon a misapprehension of the nature of graphic art. I make no doubt that the study of painting has often suggested valuable poses and movements to Massine and other choreographers, but if you try to reproduce a particular picture on the stage, the resulting *tableau vivant* becomes a sort of parody. If one were not familiar with Blake's illustrations to the Book of Job, some of the grouping in this ballet might well have appeared remarkable inventions. In fact, I was constantly distressed by the difference between the dancers and my memory of the original figures with their outline of boulder or of flame. The Morning Stars singing together, for instance, looked like the supers in a *Folies Bergère* revue. Yet Dolin, who gave a grandly acrobatic performance, was admirably made up with painted ribs as Satan, and the masked deity possessed grandeur. Indeed, if all the dancers had been masked, the effect would have been considerably improved. Mrs. Raverat's backcloths, again, were too literal reproductions of Blake, augmenting the difficulty of judging the spectacle on its own merits. Dr. Vaughan Williams's dulcet and harmonious strains might have been written for a masque of Tennyson's *Princess*, but they corresponded neither to the Oriental hyperbole of the Book of Job nor to Blake's whirlpool imagination. He is hardly a composer who takes the road

of excess to the palace of wisdom. Altogether, though the masque was serious and not unimpressive, it did not seem to me to justify the great pains that had clearly been spent on it. The evening ended with a new and brilliant overture, *The Bird-Actors*, by Mr. Constant Lambert, and another performance of his *Pomona*, a ballet in which the choreography, the décor, and the music converge most happily to make an entirely pleasing whole. The enthusiasm of the audience proved that the Camargo Society is now established in the affection of its members, and that the great dancers who founded it have not worked in vain.

"Coincidence"

One way of writing a comedy—not by any means the easiest way—is to build up your situation solemnly to a dizzy height and then suddenly show that it does not exist—has never, in fact, arisen, save in the imaginations of the characters and the audience. This was Chapin's method in *The New Morality*, and this, with rather less glitter, is the method adopted by Mr. Basil Mason in his new comedy *Coincidence*, now being presented at the Grafton Theatre. The *coup de théâtre* in the third act is exceptionally effective. Jack Stickland, a conventional youth who, however, is not unwilling to answer the call of anonymous romance, finds that he has unwittingly entertained, all too completely, his fiancée's sister-in-law at his flat. His mind flies automatically to thoughts of Africa and oblivion. What will Pat say when she learns of his lapse? What she does say must not be spoilt by quotation. Enough that she was born in the later nineteen hundreds, has a strong sense of humour, and is determined to keep her man.

The play, as you will gather, staggers under no heavy burden of either plot or theory, relying chiefly on characterisation and the surprise dénouement. There are only four characters, and they float about for a perilously long time before settling into a pattern. Better perhaps if we could have met them in relation to more people, so that they might have exhibited their personalities more completely before the last act. The author receives little help from the male members of the cast, Mr. Ellis Irvine, in particular, failing to bring out Jack's fundamental, stupid decency until it is almost too late. Miss Beatrix Thomson enjoys herself hugely as the sister-in-law, whom she makes an altogether charming minx.

An Ineptitude in Funny Hats

Mr. Shaw once said of his novels that they were not so much novels as ineptitudes, implying that if you let out the novel's waistbelt to its last notch there are still some things which it will not contain comfortably. Among those things that are outside the scope of the drama's waistbelt must be classed abstract ideas worthy only of fourth-rate political journalists thumping tubs for thumping's sake. *Demos, King and Slave*, which has just been produced (with a good deal of ingenuity and skill) at the Arts Theatre Club, begins in a vein of portentous satire, but drops its satire half way through and grows into a windy tract for the times, with a pretence of universal application. The funny hats and bath-robes have lost their point by the end of the first act, and this is a pity because they at least are quite funny, and create the pleasant atmosphere of a glorified charade. There is, however, plenty of sincerity behind it all, and this quality in the author, as well as in Mr. Andrew Leigh, who prevented the evening from being continuously boring, accounts for the satisfying individualisation of the mass in *Demos*. If his surroundings were less mixed, some spark might kindle in spite of all the pamphleteering. Possibly it did kindle in Henri Gheon's original French, but this is hard to believe. Mr. Drinkwater's verse translations fall pat and well-rhymed upon the ear, and that is the best thing about them. Like the passions of the people in the play, they seem to be wafted away above our heads before they have had time to sink in, and when a breath of this upper air chances to descend it has a dead and bitter scent.

"Keepers of Youth"

Keepers of Youth (The Pavilion) is the extremely amusing product of a British Studio. It possesses a quality very rare in Filmland, a touch of cynicism. It is taken from a novel I have never read, but you can see the author had a cynical mind. The picture is a study in the life of schoolmasters in a fourth-rate boarding school, and is occasionally generalised into a study of the cant that is at the roots of our whole educational system. The headmaster talking about character building, team spirit and the like to a couple of innocent parents is highly gratifying to listen to and watch. The story is photographed in a straightforward and not particularly impressive way. But the acting is very good, in the English manner, all the way through. The bully of a games master, in particular, is a first-class study. The dialogue is often really witty and the plot sufficiently complicated to hold the attention. But, of course, the extraordinary feature of *Keepers of Youth* lies in the fact that the play is actually about life as we know it, that it gets away from the cloud-cuckoo-land of the films, and comes to grips with reality. This fact was recognised by the Censor, who insisted on the screening of a notice explaining that *Keepers of Youth* was not intended by either author or producer to have any relation to life at all! It would be very interesting to spend a few weeks inside a Censor's office and study the animals who live there. *Keepers of Youth* is the story of a masters' common room, in no way a study of adolescence. The boys hardly appear, and then only to exacerbate still further the atmosphere of continual hatred and dishonesty in which the teaching staff spend all their days. The sham "stately-homes-of-England" look of the school's exterior was most diverting. Certain "fans" may sneer at the rather elementary camera technique of *Keepers of Youth*. For my own part, it is some time since I have enjoyed a film more or been able to bestow a more hearty moral approval on any form of public entertainment.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Saturday, July 11th—

National Demonstration in support of International Disarmament, Albert Hall, 3.30.

Sunday, July 12th—

S. K. Ratcliffe on "Is There Hope in Hoover?" Conway Hall, 11.

Monday, July 13th—

"La Bien Aimée," "Amphion," "La Valse," conducted by Maurice Ravel, Covent Garden, 8.45.
Discussion: Miss Winifred Holtby and Mr. Michael Franklin on "Poor Caroline," Pembroke Lodge, Pembroke Gardens, 3.45. Organised by the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship.
"Le Viol de Lucrèce," by André Obey, New Theatre.

Tuesday, July 14th—

"The Young Idea," by Noel Coward, Embassy Theatre.
Joachim Centenary Concert. The New Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Henry Wood and Donald Francis Tovey, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
Carnation and Picotee Show, Horticultural Hall.
Naval and Military Display, Plymouth.

Wednesday, July 15th—

"The Life Machine," by Miss Susan Treadwell, Arts Theatre.
Cricket: Gentlemen *v.* Players, Lord's.
"Les Enchantements d'Alcine," "David," "Bolero," conducted by Maurice Ravel, Covent Garden, 8.45.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I SUPPOSE that in no literature does the silly ass excel so definitely as in English. The species is, of course, universal, though he has always been deplorably scarce in Russia; but from India to beyond the Pyrenees, from Turkey to Scandinavia the silly ass wanders, beating and being beaten, through fables, songs, proverbs, stories and plays. At times he reaches almost heroic stature, as in Sancho Panza; and is it profane to suggest that Sir John Falstaff and Mr. Samuel Pickwick, those Dioscuri of Merriment, are if not themselves Silly Asses, being too noble to be so miscalled, yet perhaps the proper patrons and demi-gods of silly-assiness? On the stage there are at times female silly asses—there was the tragically farcical Louie Freear, there is the glorious Nellie Wallace; but I can remember no really downright female silly ass in literature. Mrs. Nickleby is too tragic a study, and Miss Bates too bitter, and I can think of none other who would enter the magic circle. It seems difficult to portray a woman who is unconsciously self-conscious enough for silly-assiness; there must be always a shade of self-consciousness, a hint of acting, a suggestion that the fellow could, if he would, behave more sensibly, before the silly ass proper is produced. In modern times his prototype and emblem was that wonderful actor, G. P. Huntley, who in his brightly reasonable unreason, his bland and positive complacency, his air of living patiently and difficultly, the one wise man in a world of fools, had the most delightful progeny in the heroes of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, especially in Mr. Bertie Wooster, whom God preserve.

* * *

That last phrase reminds me of the man who is, with Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, our chief master in sheer silliness—Mr. J. B. Morton, known to readers of the *Daily Express* as Beachcomber. There has just been published a volume of his, *By the Way* (Sheed and Ward, 7s. 6d.)—an anthology of his more ostentatious flowers. There are moments when Mr. Morton merely annoys me; he is not funny when he is criticising artists he cannot understand (when will our popular critics realise that unintelligibility sometimes is the fault of the reader?), nor when he is imitating Mr. Belloc, and least of all, as in his deplorable novel published last year, when he is apeing Mr. G. K. Chesterton. The merit of his work lies in its inconsequence. He is gay and garrulous, with the gaiety and garrulity of a happy child who cannot believe we shall not share his delight at discovering a new excitement, and a new phrase in which to express it. All really clever silliness, in its wistful solemnity, reminds one a little of Grock, the clown who is too kind to have a grievance, but too worried to pretend that he would not have one did he not think we should blame him for ingratitude. It is in his Grock mood that Mr. Morton is best. If you like him at all, you will like him when he ventures out, with a certain bold appearance of ease, into the troubled waters of Society:

> The arrangements for Lady Cabstanleigh's Concert, in aid of Working People Who Do Not Know Their French Irregular Verbs, are nearly completed. By courtesy of her nauseating ladyship, I am able to give some details of the programme below. Miss Janice Tullibardine is to sing four little songs by Miss Ailsa Jacobson—"Whenever," "Before," "Inasmuch As," and "Whatever," with Mr. Pharaoh Burst at the Piano. Hisch will then sing "O Sole Joel," and a duet will follow for triangle and cymbals. After that there will be an hour of Miss Divinity Tarzan on the violoncello, during which she will play such old favourites as "Tendrement," "Clinging on the Wall," "Midnight at Bournemouth," "Sea Memories," and the unforgettable "Chopinesquerie." The hat (the one worn by the late Lord Cabstanleigh at Cowes) will then be taken round.

I do not think Mr. Morton is equal to his predecessor, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, in sheer nonsense; he too often gets trapped into serious satire or parody—the parodies are often excellent, but he has too simple and naive a temperament to excel in satire except of very simple folk. I judge that he is really a reformer—as are so many humorists; but he does not make one feel, as, for instance, does Mr. A. P. Herbert, that he thoroughly understands, though he may despise, the position of the man he is attacking.

* * *

The best silly-ass stuff is free from anger. The victim, if the satire is aimed at persons and not merely and splendidly metaphysical as so often in Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear, is wrapped in a charity as embracing and forgiving as that of St. Francis. Even complacency is excused, and the author may actually pretend to share that most degrading of social vices. I suppose the kindness of this variety of satire is one of the pleasantest things in the arts. It has resemblances to that mood in which the great Breughel painted his scenes of Flemish life. The mood in literature is less unrestrained than in painting. It comes from controlled high spirits, from an attempt to credit one's neighbours with the fineness of the morning, or the sweet running of our new Maustin car, *Daisy Cutter*. A nation more philosophical, or more theologically minded, would not be capable of this particular kind of easy robust humour. In Paris Madame Le Conte knows perfectly well that, if Madame Poulard is a thief and a cat, a fine morning is likely to aggravate her faults by the providing of occasion, and that, anyhow, the weather is the business either of le Bon Dieu or of Abbé Moreux. So there is little French nonsense after Rabelais, though he supplied enough for a good many centuries. One has only to contrast Courteline's novels with, say, Barry Pain's or Mr. Anstey's to see how remote from the French genius is English humorous nonsense. I find, myself, the English variety richer and more entertaining, more profound in its appeal. For instance, in Courteline's story about the Civil Service, I got very tired of *toujours femme, toujours incomprise*. I am quite willing to admit that you can have a good joke about sex: I am more than unwilling to say that no joke is good until sex has somehow been pulled into it. That is why I find "Elizabeth" a far better author than Colette.

* * *

Though in the distant years when Mr. E. F. Benson invented her, Dodo was supposed to be a brilliant wit, she was really the first full-length female silly ass; had she been a man everyone would have recognised her. As it was, quite a number of people confused her with her brilliant young contemporary, Dolly of the Dialogues. Apparently at some time unspecified these two ladies became related by marriage; for Miss Theodora Benson's friends, Alice Lynn and Fanny Forrester, in *Shallow Water* (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d.), must have had both Dodo and Dolly for grandmothers. This is a glorious specimen of the silly-ass book. It is not only increasing years that make me find these children of twenty-two far, far younger than those who came of age ten or fifteen years ago: their more adult contemporaries find the same fault in them. Though it is not really a fault; for purposes of farce indeed it is an advantage. Miss Benson has succeeded in bringing Wooster out of fairyland into South Kensington, and his girls with him. I agree with her publisher that this is by far her best book. Its merits may easily be overlooked, so frail and light is the volume. Few people realise that it is much easier to produce *canard pressé* than a *soufflé au chocolat*. Miss Benson's *soufflé* is perfect, and she serves it under a magical salamander so that each piece retains its lightness and its delicate, crisp crust. There is good sense in her nonsense—as, for instance, in the sketch that begins, "Do you ever," asked Anne, chattily, "go to a funeral without thinking of worms?" *Shallow Water* lives up to its title, and as I re-read it I realise how grossly exaggerated are the pleasures of deep, rough, cold, oceanic adventures.

RICHARD SUNNE.

"ENGLAND'S GLORY"

Sir Francis Burdett and His Times, 1770-1844. By M. W. PATTERSON. Macmillan, 2 volumes. 28s.

It is an odd fate, in some ways, that has set the Vice-President of Trinity College, Oxford, to write the life of Sir Francis Burdett. For Burdett's importance in English history is entirely confined to his Radical activities; neither as a landowner, nor as a Tory in his later years, nor in his private capacity, was he of any consequence whatever. Mr. Patterson's own views, as expressed in asides about Casement and the course of the French Revolution, are not at all Radical, and he must occasionally, one feels, have found it difficult to stomach some of his hero's more violent activities. He is, however, a loyal biographer; he finds Burdett almost always in the right, and gets his compensation by attacking Burdett's fellow Radicals—who were undoubtedly vulnerable upon many points. Henry Hunt, Brougham, Place, O'Connell, and the O'Connors come in for much vigorous criticism; and there are at least five places in which Mr. Patterson attacks Cobbett for not being a gentleman—an opinion which Cobbett himself would certainly have endorsed with enthusiasm.

As to Burdett himself, the shrewdest summary is certainly to be obtained from certain passages which the uncanny insight of Disraeli (who himself brought something of Burdett's eye for the spectacular to reinforce his own far greater sense of political realities) produced in 1863:

> Sir Francis Burdett was a very high-bred man, very tall and with a distinguished countenance. . . . He was a complete Norman. As an orator, in his best days, he had no equal. It was all grace and music; never was a more commanding manner or a finer voice. The range of his subjects was limited, referring mainly to the character of the constitution; the rights and grievances of the people, etc.; but of these he was master. . . . .
>
> He was extremely vain, but not offensively so; his high breeding prevented that. . . . I think he was the greatest gentleman I ever knew. . . . In one of his best speeches in Parliament (then reformed, and full of quiet middle-class people) on the expenses of elections, he greatly denounced them, and observed that he had a right to give an opinion on the subject, as there was a period in his life when Parliamentary contests had reduced him to a state of absolute beggary. There was a murmur of admiring incredulity. "I assure you, Sir," he continued, "I am indulging in no exaggeration. Honourable gentlemen may not believe it, but I can assure them there was a time when Lady Burdett had only one pair of horses to her carriage." The effect of this remark in one of the early reformed Parliaments, full of retired tradesmen, many of whom had amassed wealth, but had never plucked up courage to keep a carriage, may be conceived.

In this passage, written, as is obvious, with his tongue just faintly in his cheek, Disraeli sums up admirably both Burdett's strength and his weakness. Elsewhere he notes that Burdett was a Jacobite who was mistaken for a Jacobin, and there are certainly traces of Bolingbroke in his composition. But he was in essence a landed aristocrat, financed by wealth gained in commerce—he married a daughter of Coutts—who embraced the cause of reform in the fire of the French Revolution, when in England it was still the toy of a few advanced spirits and ardent antiquarians who rested much of their case on misinterpretations of Magna Carta, and found, when Reform became a living cause, that it brought him into contact with people whom he could not abide at any price. In early days, when he could lean, as Pitt before the Revolution, *de haut en bas*, he was a genuine Reformer, an advocate of a wide franchise and a hater of corruption and oppression. He stood by Horne Tooke in all that worthy's financial wriggles; he helped wild conspirators like the O'Connors and Colonel Despard; he fought hard against Wilberforce for the unhappy victims of Coldbath Fields Prison and the Army flogging system; he saved that gallant goose Lord Cochrane from the pillory by threatening to stand in it beside him; and he retained fire enough to dash into libel in defence of the victims of Peterloo. But even by 1819 the reader of insight can see that his early enthusiasm was weakening as a result of contact with the vituperative realities of the Radical movement.

Burdett's greatest time was undoubtedly the years between 1807 and 1810. The British working-class, which, unlike working-classes on the Continent, tends not to distrust but extravagantly to admire persons of other classes who are active in its cause, went mad in praise of the man who had fought an election, in a wide-franchised borough, on a programme diametrically opposed to that of the Government, had won it by a thumping majority, and had then been thrown into the Tower, in the best tradition of Eliot, Pym, and Hampden, for attempting to defend the rights of free speech in the House of Commons. At that time Burdett's popularity was at its height; he was Westminster's Pride and England's Glory; and his support and his opinion were craved on every possible occasion. It might well have gone to the head of anyone less phrase-ridden than the man who managed to be teaching Magna Carta to his son when he was arrested. But in 1807 and 1810 the great mass of popular discontent, the force which made Cobbett's monster meetings, which broke the machines, which frightened the Whigs into repression and Wellington into surrender, had hardly arisen; the Luddites had not been heard of; Cobbett himself had only just decided that he was a Radical. As, however, the new movement grew, Burdett found himself less and less in sympathy with the leaders whom it chose: he knew nothing of factory operatives or of agricultural labourers, and was temperamentally out of sympathy with the type of small tradesman, like Place and Cleary, who formed the backbone of the organisation. "England's Glory" did not like criticism at the best of times, and certainly not from his social inferiors. He became convinced that the Radicals were ungrateful dogs, and his disillusionment and its cause is summed up by his angry remark to Hobhouse in 1831: "I tell you what—the more I see, the more I am convinced that there is no having to do with any but gentlemen, *i.e.*, men of education." He was not the first reformer to find the classes he set out to support distasteful at close quarters.

As a private character, Burdett is lacking in interest. His sententious priggishness goes far towards obscuring any real feelings that he may have had; but neither as a husband nor as a lover do any feelings of noticeable reality escape him. The tale of his amour with Lady Oxford is incredibly tangled both by the dubious character of Lady Oxford's brother and by the inflamed imagination of Roger O'Connor. His acquaintances were numerous, but he does not appear to have made many close friends; it is as an eloquent Radical, at the time when oppression is heaviest, that his memory will live or die.

Mr. Patterson has done a considerable amount of work, in preparing this biography, on hitherto unpublished papers of the Burdett and Coutts families; and though he is sometimes less than fair to other Radicals, as regards Burdett himself he has done his work well. It may be objected that certain passages—notably the lengthy chapter on the relations of Thomas Coutts's second wife to the rest of her family—stray rather far from the main subject, but few would willingly miss so charming an irrelevance as the letter of the Comte de Cely about the Lady Heinage and her phisicking of the "unhappy bootler" and the "very fatigue turkeys" who were refreshed with *huile de castor*; but twelve of that number died, and the rest "did look melancholy so long as they did live."

MARGARET COLE.

THE ROMANCE OF EMPIRE MARKETS

Empire Marketing Board, Annual Report, 1930/1931). H.M.S. Stationery Office. 1s.

To the drab world of endeavour, agricultural and commercial, the Empire Marketing Board brings a splash of brilliant colour. The annual report of this vastly enterprising body covers the ground down to the last day of May, and there is the genuine Coué touch about it. Every day, and in every way, Empire marketing is getting better and better. In the 1929—30 report 25 records were set up by Empire foodstuffs in regard to their volume of import into the United Kingdom. Some half of the gallant 25 have exceeded their former achievements in the year under review, and a large number of other foodstuffs have, so to speak, won distinction. But 1929 was a specially good year and its figures have not in every case been reached; in several cases the year just ended stands next to 1929 in achievement as well as date.

Reading between the lines we may note a certain awareness that is overtaking British consumers and their home suppliers. The former are beginning to learn that they are helping the Empire by giving a preference to its produce, and the latter are agreed that they may sell an article which is in no way inferior, and may indeed be definitely superior, without any loss of profit. It is right to give the trader the credit of an evident desire to further the Empire movement.

We learn that definite steps have been taken to change the market attitude with regard to certain imports. For example, there was a prejudice against Australian and New Zealand butter because it is boxed and not casked, and the colour is deep. But the Empire Marketing Board, with the aid of the London managers of Australian and New Zealand interests, opened an office in Manchester last year, called upon importers and wholesalers in both Manchester and Liverpool, and, whereas about 3,000 out of 6,600 were selling Empire butter when the campaign opened, some 5,000 were selling it by the time the labourers' task was o'er. The E.M.B. has always recognised that the producer of the United Kingdom has the first claim upon his country, and the Board has not endeavoured to push Empire produce at the expense of home-grown food. "Empire" shops have been opened, successfully, and steps have been taken to secure the interest of local authorities, institutions, shipping companies, and other bodies that purchase food on a large scale. In short, an effort is being made, with conspicuous skill and wide vision, to strengthen the Empire in the home market, and it is not merely in buying and selling that this work is seen at its best. That side of the effort is, however skilfully carried out, prosaic, for the work that thrills one must turn to the research and the overseas undertakings.

The problems that have to be considered, whether they be insignificant or serious, may be said to cover all the countries that fly the British flag, though, of course, a great part of the investigation is carried out at home. The needs and problems of the housewife, the farmer, the horticulturist and the manufacturer, all claim consideration and support. The grants given by the E.M.B. tell a wonderful story. Does the tin-plate container used for canned fruits suffer from hydrogen cells and perforations? If so, we know now by E.M.B. investigations that a small quantity of citric acid added to the covering syrup will check these losses. Does fruit in store deteriorate? Gas storage of English apples has reduced the loss to half of 1 per cent. over a period of five months. Which is the best apple? Bramley's Seedling is found to be the one that is richest in Vitamin C. At East Malling, in Kent, there is the largest experimental cold store for fruit in the world; it can carry 130 tons, by the aid of an E.M.B. subsidy.

Pass from fruit to fish and you learn that at the Torry Research Station, near Aberdeen, the freezing, the chemistry of post-mortem changes, and a study of fats and oils of fish are receiving expert attention through E.M.B. grants.

Turn to meat, and you find the chemistry of fats subject to investigation in order that the traders in frozen mutton and lamb may handle a more palatable article. In the world of animal husbandry the quality of grazing and the relation of mineral deficiency in pastures to disease in those that graze on them are being closely studied. A vaccine has been discovered that raises calf resistance to tuberculosis to a very high level indeed. New Zealand does a trade worth £1,500,000 a year in the pelts of sheep and lamb, and the E.M.B. is paying half the cost of research on the processing. The nutritive value of milk for school children has been confirmed by an experiment on 20,000 of Lanarkshire's pupils.

Examine the entomological section and you find that the Parasite Laboratory at Farnham Royal is working out a series of campaigns that appear at first sight to reach to the ends of the earth. Wherever our overseas possessions are affected by injurious insects, the parasite that preys upon them is found, multipled, and sent overseas to be liberated in the area where it will be most useful. The wheat stem saw fly, the codlin moth, the pine tortrix, the larch case borer, to name only a few that trouble Canada, have been attacked by twenty shipments of parasites or parasitised insects. For the first of these troubles, 90,000 cocoons, most of them containing parasites, have been dispatched. To New Zealand, 375,000 specimens of parasitised material or parasites are on their way to carry on war against wood wasps, earwigs, woodlice, and other undesirables. Insects that destroy gorse, ragwort and blackberry have been sent out too. The house fly is being attacked in Fiji and the woolly aphis in the Irish Free State. The pink bollworm of Egypt is no longer safe, nor has the desert locust been able to conceal his breeding grounds. The warble fly's campaign against the hides of cattle should soon come to an end. Down to quite a little while ago harmful insects in tropical countries had no other problem than self-support, to-day they find themselves faced by the equivalent of what used to be called the "thin red line."

The Government Research Station in Southern Rhodesia is receiving aid for research into the problem of improving tobaccos; in a little while the case for the Empire leaf will be stronger than it is to-day. Mechanical transport comes within the scope of the E.M.B., and inquiry into the numbers of wild rodents. At the same time it assists National Mark schemes, publishes economic intelligence, holds regional sales drives, and studies the problems associated with wastage in imported fruit. The range of activities is seemingly endless, their value stands beyond reach of doubt, and the whole of the work is carried on so quietly that it would puzzle the man in the street to name any of those who are responsible for labours that tend, without any association with politics, to weld the Empire into an economic unit. Indeed, in this admirable report, one aspect of the romance of Empire is epitomised.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

PROJECTS AND WILES

Friends and Adventures. By "T." of *Punch*. Cape. 10s. 6d.

There is no anonymity about the dramatic critic of *Punch*, so that it would be affectation to treat the adventures of Joseph Thorp among his many friends and countless projects as though they belonged to someone not widely known in London. It was, as we learn, Mr. Wilfrid Meynell who gave him the quite unnecessary advice not to be content with one way of making his living. Nothing could have kept Mr. Thorp to a single line of activity. He was born to start things, to play and work with all kinds of people, to ring the bell and run away.

Sprung of a line of Anglican clergy, he went to the Jesuits in his early teens. He spent six years at Stonyhurst as a schoolboy and ten thereafter as a "scholastic," taking the first vows and only escaping ordination, as he implies, through the providential death of Cardinal-Archbishop Vaughan. His own Superior advised him of the obvious fact that he had no vocation for the cloister, and Cardinal Bourne declined the responsibility of making him a priest. The Church threw him on the world in his thirtieth year, with a gratuity of £15 and no trace of a grievance. Mr. Thorp, indeed, has kept his feeling of gratitude towards his teachers and confessors, and he enjoys giving an

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appreciative and amusing account of the Jesuit training. Luck was with him all the way from his second start. He had already become aware of an unusual gift for making friends. He discovered in himself a passion for the craft of printing, just as a few of the greater firms were learning the value of good type and design in alliance with the then unexplored province of skilled advertisement writing. Here Mr. Thorp was of the pioneers, and his diverting chapters on the leading men and their methods will remind the reader of the fact that the business world was extraordinarily slow to realise that brains and taste have their function in the modern art of publicity.

With the aid of typography and advertising design and dramatic criticism, Mr. Thorp has been able to make a living that he is pleased to describe as precarious. They provide him with material for a good half of this book, and with a series of delightful illustrations; but it is in the overflow that we get the essential "T."—the social crusader, the weaver of beneficent plots, the maker of groups, the mixer of dinner-tables, the inventor of projects. In 1910 he wrote a famous article for the *Hibbert Journal* which embodied an appeal to the Gentlemen of England. Mr. Thorp admonished them that the social crisis was at hand; the class war had begun. He asked, as Carlyle had asked, what the privileged orders were good for if they were not ready to work, to lead, and to co-operate. The result of this timely challenge was the Agenda Club which, enlisting 2,000 members, opened with an ambitious programme and hastened a few reforms, but faded away amid the civil disturbances which preceded the general overturn of 1914. The Agenda was a dream, but at least it brought friends to the organiser, who here, with a zestful pen, discourses of their works and ways. At exactly twice the age that was his when the Jesuits loosed his bonds Mr. Thorp is as full of notions as ever. He calls them "Willettries," being proud to claim that he was one of the first to realise the revolutionary significance of good William Willett's Summer Time. Certain of these minor Willettries (*e.g.*, the duodecimal notation) are fantastic. But most of them are merely common sense; and if he should live to be eighty, Mr. Thorp may have the joy of singing his *Nunc dimittis* as he learns that his obstinate fellow-countrymen have at last been persuaded or bullied into adopting the simplest and easiest on his list—say, the visible numbering of their front doors. S.K.R.

LOYALTIES AND DREAMS

Mesopotamia 1917-1920: A Clash of Loyalties. By Lieut.-Col. SIR ARNOLD T. WILSON, K.C.I.E. Oxford University Press. 25s.

Sir Arnold Wilson's first volume had for sub-title "Loyalties," and was the best narrative we have had of the slow and chequered conquest of Mesopotamia, with incisive criticism that went far to placate the sullen ghosts which still wander in the minds of those who endured so much in that unhappy land. The superiority of his account to Candler's is due not only to his immense advantages in time and fuller knowledge, but to the aggressive vigour of his thought, so unlike the weariness and depression that had overcome Candler. Not the least attraction of his style is its belligerent quality. You know where he stands and what he thinks. It is characteristic that when he seeks the aid of quotation to express his hopes or his vexation he finds release in the ring and clang of Latin or in the cadences of our own most masculine writers.

The theme of "Loyalties" was comparatively straightforward. But in this new volume, *A Clash of Loyalties*, he writes of the job of watching from day to day, over long periods of tenseness, a number of locally or temporarily important cats, to see which way they would jump. Certain episodes stand out as full of interest still. In his pages we live again through the protracted hesitation after Turkey threw her hand in. This hesitation began before war ended. After General Maude died, General Marshall with the aid of aeroplanes and armoured cars cleaned up the enemy forces, scattered in isolated pockets. Then, with an overwhelmingly victorious army running into a ration-list of hundreds of thousands (we begin to see why the war was costing eight millions a day, when we could have had a very good war indeed for half the money), we had to find something to do next. Lord Curzon had never forgotten his own early travels in Persia, and next to the advancement of his own country the reconstitution of this ancient people came closest to his heart. Addressing the Imperial War Cabinet, 1918, he said:

> Germany can afford to give up everything she has won in Western parts, in France and Flanders, if only this door in the East remains open to her. If peace proposals were made now and the representatives of the Powers were seated at a Peace Conference table, Germany could, I venture to submit to you, afford to give back Belgium, to make large concessions in respect of Alsace-Lorraine . . . and she would still have the illimitable range of future ambition and opportunity which I have been describing.

The series of disastrous raids, of which the best-remembered is that of "Dunsterforce" to the Caspian, began. We persuaded Armenians and Assyrians to rise in alliance with us, and had to leave them to the vengeance of returning Bolshevik or Turk. Having "attempted to make a cat's-paw of the Christian communities in Persia and the Caucasus," we procured this result:

> Our action served to harden the heart of the Turks and to strengthen their resolve to eliminate, once and for all, all non-Turkish minorities in Turkey, by a renewal of those methods of massacre, torture, and starvation which, as recently as 1929, have proclaimed the Turks anew as the most savage of living races.

The Near East to-day is sown with communities who have suffered for their friendship with us, from the Hauran to the Armenian highlands.

After the Armistice peace with Turkey was delayed, in hope that the United States would assist in the post-war settlement of the liberated parts of the Ottoman Empire. Men's minds were disquieted with uncertainty whether they were to continue in the British sphere or be handed back to the Turk whose vengeance on those Arabs who had helped Townshend was well remembered. Sir Arnold Wilson, as Civil Commissioner, made a last-minute attempt to prevent the outbreak of 1920, by a midnight meeting with three leaders of the malcontents. "We sat in the moonlight in a secluded corner of the terrace overlooking the river, and by the light of candles sipped interminable cups of coffee." He failed; and rebellion followed. In his account of it the old fire flares up in sharp criticism of Sir Aylmer Haldane, the Commander-in-Chief, and in sorrow for the gallant officers who under him had been building up a new Iraq, and who died unsuccoured. The Army had a reverse at Hilla, in which Henderson of the Manchesters won the V.C. and was killed. There are some men who have a genius for war. Of this Henderson, in the earlier war in Iraq, rumours came every time the Manchesters were in action. I remember vividly how his name came back out of the confusion of the action for Tekrit (November 5th, 1917) to my division, waiting our turn to be sent in.

After the disaster came the Mandate and the offering of the throne of Mesopotamia to Faisal. Sir Arnold was out of sympathy with the mandatory system, no admirer of the Army Commander, and very weary of years of building on vacillating moods and shifting policies. His own dream is revealed in a moving passage (p. 194): "The solidarity of the human race is implicit in Christianity and in Christian principles. Once those principles were recognised and applied by popular consent, Iraq would be enabled to enter its heritage of freedom as one of the nations of the earth." He made others also feel this was a flag worth fighting under. *Mesopotamia* 1917–1920 is both a history and a personal apologia. It is a fair-minded, and often very generous, statement of events in which his part was taken amiss sometimes. Together with *Mesopotamia* 1914–1917 it forms an indispensable source of knowledge of Britain's career in the Near East since the war began, and at the same time is an effective revelation of the gallant and loyal spirit of its author.

EDWARD THOMPSON.

"THE PITCHER"

Stories by Arthur M. Binstead ("The Pitcher"). Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d.

As he sat there, a ring came at the side bell, and a minute later a maidservant rapped on the door with her knuckles and asked:

"If you please, sir, do you know what time Mr. Aaronson will be back?"

"No, I don't, Susan. Who is it—anybody of importance?"

"It's a gentleman who looks like a Jew, sir."

"An awkward predicament for the gentleman . . ."

The last speaker is not, as one might expect, Sam Weller, but Mr. Dick Chennel, who found a temporary post with the Whitechapel High Street branch of the London and National Joint-Stock County Bank—his visitor had come to borrow twenty pounds for three-quarters of an hour on a hand at solo-whist which was waiting in temporary suspense round the corner

while its holder scoured the neighbourhood for backing. But this story might well have come from the lips of Sam Weller, and indeed twenty other stories of the same kind to be found in *Houndsditch Day by Day;* if we imagine a Sam Weller who had lived to read Mark Twain, Kin Hubbard, Barry Pain, and the *contes juifs* which in modern France rival almost the tradition of Marseilles. It would be interesting to discover when the comic Jew first appeared in literature: somewhere by the back-door of Victorian letters, one imagines. The Jews in Dickens are all serious characters; Disraeli's are even more serious. In the 'nineties, at any rate, they had assumed, in the pages of the *Sporting Times*, a rich and almost legendary proportion. How typical of the English character that we should delight in a whole mythology of jokes directed against the two peoples who have most successfully invaded us—the Scotch and the Jews! Who in turn eagerly accept the position, and add to it, tremendously "in character"! Binstead does not seem to have heard the Scotch joke, but his Jewry is a marvellous creation of gossip, as Cockney as Dickens, with a local idiom and humour and undulating vulgarity which are unequalled. At his best he is brief and anecdotal, with a click at the end, and quotation does him justice:

> As a schoolvarden o' St. Leman's, I've had a goot deal o' vurry, lately, Chudah, ofer de gomplaints made dat de Yiddisher ghildren at de Poard Schools is brought up too Goyisher. For my part, I can't see it. An' I vhas dere yesterday, too, vhen de first form in Sgribdure 'Istory an' Poker—mixed—vhas examined. I gif you an insdance: The schoolmaster durns to der first poy, an' says:
>
> "Who vhas it vhat said in his haste as all men vhas schorum-sorgers?"
>
> De first poy t'inks vor a minute, an' den he says, "I pass."
>
> He looks at der segond poy, put de segond poy shakes his 'ead, an' says, "Pass me also."
>
> Den de t'ird poy he says, "I turn it down, too. Make a jackpot of it."
>
> "Zo!" says master, "you all bass; den now ve cut for fresh deal," und out comes der cane.

It is a world of pawnshops, bargaining, saloons, cards, racing, music-halls, street-corners, courtship, and marriage as crafty and prolonged as the battle of crustaceans. Cunning like that of the coach-renter who arranged with publicans on the route to Brighton to mark his coaches with private chalk-marks when they drew up, in order that by reading the chalk-marks he should know how far his customers had driven and charge them accordingly, cunning as large and pervasive as this raises business to a fine art. The pawnshop becomes a necessary rallying-point of all the wit and desperation of the neighbourhood. After the pawnshop, the music-hall bar, where Mo, after a good day, stood the whole evening "drinkin' champagne out of a celery glass, like a bloomin' Earl." Times were not what they had been:

> "Good lord!" he'd cry, "an' *what* it was to go in on the nod in *those* days! You'd 'ardly be inside afore up 'ud come one cove an' snatch orf yer 'at. 'Sixpence cloakroom,' he'd say. Then up 'ud roll another one, an' gonoph yer umbereller. 'Take a ticket for this,' he'd growl, 'a tanner!' By this time another of 'em 'ad skinned yer out of yer coat—another tizzy—an', may I die, if yer 'adn't got a porous plaister on, it was always five to four on yer enterin' the bloomin' stalls *naked!*"

This piece of conversation is from *The Falling Back of Moses Hermann* one of Binstead's best stories, as ingeniously plotted as any story by W. W. Jacobs, and written with a tang and idiom that justify all the dragged-in jokes and "tall" situations with which the people of Houndsditch were then apparently embarrassed. Binstead's narrative style is an incredible hotchpotch of slang and mock-heroics, and he draws for parody on novelettes, writers of advertisements, sporting catalogues and newspaper reports of society functions, without stint. It is overdone to such an extent and with such terrific concentration that in most of his stories the style alone is enough to carry off anything. In *Gals' Gossip* and *More Gals' Gossip*, which are included in this volume, the scene changes to Mayfair, Brighton and the Continent, but the same gusto is there, and comparing it with Mr. Wodehouse's attempt to evolve a new English-American slang one sees how far more rich and lifelike Binstead's dialect is. The remark of the girl in a Brighton restaurant who began at the wrong ends of the asparagus and called to the waiter, "Cully, these muddy bluebells ain't half done," is well known and typical of the Cockney wit Binstead delights in. He is our best gossip. No other English writer has provided us with such an overflow of caustic, slapping vulgarity. Dickens's yellow waistcoat pales beside it.

G. W. S.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

The War in the Air. Vol. III. By H. A. JONES. With portfolio of maps. Oxford University Press. 23s. 6d.

There are some born story tellers who will relate an astonishing experience with the same words, tones, and absence of gesture which they use in answering an inquiry about the weather. Mr. Jones is a good hand at this impressive laconism. He is fortunate, of course, in being the historian of the first war in the air. We are lifted above the shattering stalemate of trench warfare; there is a sense of glory about even the appalling waste and muddle of the British effort to seize and maintain the aerial offensive. A tale so fresh, vital and heroic will stand any amount of matter-of-factness. This will never happen again, and Mr. Jones, by refusing to fuss about it, not merely lightens his task of making a comprehensive record of the facts, but in letting them speak for themselves he enhances their significance.

The bulk of this volume is occupied with a very careful survey, illustrated by excellent maps, of the Zeppelin raids of 1914-1916. Hardly anything is allowed to disturb the dispassionate array of facts, and yet the essence of the matter emerges with great clarity. The raiders more often than not congratulated themselves on laying waste Birmingham when they were really dropping bombs on Puddlecombe. The material damage they accomplished was farcically small, but their moral effect, in compelling the concentration of a large home defensive force and in rattling the industrial population, was brilliantly successful, and was, in fact, only checked just in time. Two of Mr. Jones's rare asides may be mentioned. He quotes (characteristically in a footnote) some instructions issued to R.N.A.S. anti-Zeppelin pilots: "If the aeroplane fails to stop the airship by the time all the ammunition is expended and the airship is still heading for London and shows no sign of being turned from her objective, then the pilot must decide to sacrifice himself and his machine and ram the airship at the utmost speed." He also quotes an epitaph of the crew of a Zeppelin brought down in Suffolk: "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth." These are worth many pages of eloquence.

Another important section of this volume deals with the administration and supply of aircraft in the early years of the

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HUMPHREY TOULMIN

war. At a time of feverish expansion and improvisation, when squadrons needed complete re-equipment every three months, we had to buy aero-engines from France and Spain, magnetos from America, and we had to teach cabinet and piano makers to construct aeroplanes. For many months it seemed beyond the wit of Government officials to devise a means of reconciling the conflicting demands of the War Office and the Admiralty for aircraft supplies. Yet in spite of manifold confusion technical progress was such that in the critical spring of 1917, of which Mr. Jones gives a full account, the British had produced in the SE5 a fighter which at last surpassed the German air-scouts in power and manœuvre.

The book opens with the tale of how the German cruiser *Königsberg*, concealed twelve miles up a tropical estuary of East Africa, was spotted by Sopwith sea-planes and destroyed. It ends with the narrative of our struggle for the aerial offensive in the battle of Arras, in the spring of 1917, with Ball at the height of his prowess on one side and Richthoven on the other. No one can read these packed, quiet pages without adding a rider to the general statement that war has become a sorry business. From 1914 to 1918 combat, in the ancient sense, glittered in the air.

BARRINGTON GATES.

GLADSTONE AS A PARTY LEADER

Reminiscences of Lord Kilbracken. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

Lord Kilbracken was in close touch with high politics in an age that has begun to collect the atmosphere of legend. His book, therefore, carries some authority as a picture of its men and manners. He had a varied experience, for he was private secretary first to Gladstone, who had Peel's arduous sense of duty, and then to Granville, who lived rather in the spirit of the eighteenth century and told Lord Kilbracken that his reputation for idleness was unfortunately deserved. He worked under Kimberley, whom he put second to Gladstone as an official, under Randolph Churchill, under Curzon, and under Morley—the most intellectually brilliant of the Secretaries of State whom he served, but in his opinion born to be a thinker and a writer rather than an administrator. These and others of the chief figures of the age cross Lord Kilbracken's pages, and the impressions that he records have an historical value.

The chief interest of the book is the treatment of Gladstone. Lord Kilbracken thinks that he had the most powerful combination of gifts of character and intellect that he ever came across, and that his driving force was brought and kept under the most perfect discipline. This splendid instrument Gladstone gave to politics from a sense of duty rather than from inclination. The greatest man in politics, he was a bad party leader, partly because politics were not really congenial to him, partly because he would not practise the small arts ("although his kindness and courtesy to the humblest individuals were proverbial, he could hardly be got to be decently attentive and polite to his own supporters in the House of Commons"), partly because of his deficiencies as a judge of character. He thought, for example, that other people were like him, keen about right and wrong and indifferent about small civilities and invitations to dinner.

This interpretation—the view in particular that politics were not his first or natural choice—helps to explain Gladstone's attitude to party. The good party man is the man who in any question considers what will happen to the party if he does this or that. The best party leader in this sense was Lord Salisbury. In Salisbury's mind the Conservative Party was the organisation on which rested the two things he valued most—religion and property. Therefore, if he was tempted at any time to take a course which might imperil his party, he drew back because he did not believe that any reform, however desirable it might be in itself, was worth the risk of breaking up his party. With 1867 in his mind he had a constant dread of some irresponsible force like Disraeli throwing into confusion the body of opinion which kept religion and property, represented at their best by the Church of England and the landowning system, safe from subversive Radicalism. The working of his mind was shown clearly in the documents published in the *Life of Carnarvon*.

Salisbury treated one party with great respect; Gladstone the other with very little. In 1874 he said that he was disgusted with the Liberal Party and that he was going into retirement. Yet the revolt which produced the great defeat of that year had been provoked by a disregard of the feeling of the party which looked wilful. Whether Gladstone was right or wrong in defying the Radicals is a question on which opinions differ, but the political importance of his conduct is manifest; fundamentally the discord between him and Chamberlain has roots in that bitter controversy. Nobody who considers how Gladstone treated his colleagues and ex-colleagues after his retirement in 1874, or again in the autumn of 1885, can deny that he behaved as if he had no party interest to consider, no party sentiment to humour, no party group to consult. The suggestion sometimes made that Gladstone suited his policy to electioneering needs is the most fantastic interpretation of his career. What was dangerous to his judgment and his character was not his love of power but his sense of power. Salisbury treated his party with deference because he thought that party was an organised force which its leader ought to nurse and keep together as his first care. Gladstone, taking in one sense a less, in another sense a more, responsible view of his duty, made up his mind that something had to be done and proceeded to attempt to do it almost as if he were a free lance, with singularly little regard to the men with whom he was to act or the party that he was to lead. Chamberlain said justly and wisely in the Home Rule crisis when some Liberal ministers were predicting joyfully that all Gladstone's chief colleagues would leave him, that nobody would ever know Gladstone's power until he stood alone. The prospect that had such terrors for Salisbury, the prospect of a party in confusion, had no terrors for the mystic who believed that his own power to make the nation follow him was a stronger defence for a great cause, whether action or resistance was needed, than any party organisation. His career was marked by a series of acts which, whether they are praised or blamed, were acts of superb power, representing his individual strength; some of them acts of which he alone in Europe was capable. If any lesser man had tried to treat his party with so little consideration, his career as a party leader would have ended very quickly. It is perhaps the chief proof of Gladstone's spell that a party treated as he treated it could not bear to lose him as its leader.

J. L. HAMMOND.

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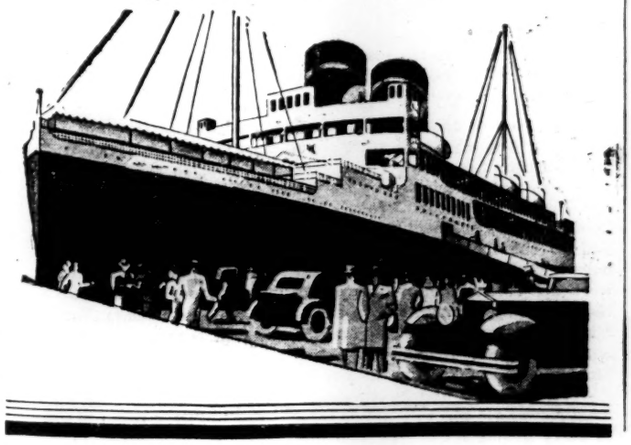

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AN ENGLISH REMNANT

A Crusade for Humanity: The History of Organised Positivism in England. By John Edwin McGee. Watts. 21s.

If there has ever been in the strange annals of British sects anything more forlorn than the effort of the English disciples of Auguste Comte to establish his Religion of Humanity in this country, it is certain that very few of us have heard of it. Comte is an important figure among the system-builders of the nineteenth century. His method belonged emphatically to the age. His law of intellectual progress, or the Three States (the theory that all social beliefs and institutions begin as theological and pass through the metaphysical to the positive stage), is one of the outstanding modern generalisations. His work and his conceptions influenced able men and earnest groups all over the world. More than one republican revolution, for example, was brought about more or less directly by Positivists. But Auguste Comte as the builder of a religion is, and must be, fantastic.

Mr. McGee prefaces his excellent account of the Positivists in England with a brief summary of the founder's career and doctrine. In 1818, when he was twenty, Comte became secretary to Saint-Simon, and after six years of work with that remarkable enthusiast he started upon the *Cours de Philosophie Positive* which was to be the basis of a huge superstructure of dogma. Not content that humanity should in due and slow course evolve the new society, Comte set out to create it, within a crushingly elaborate plan of politics and sociology, and with a sacramental religion built around the worship of Humanity as collective Being. In opposition to all the forces of the ensuing age, he envisaged an international world order made up of hundreds of small republics, which he thought might number not less than 500. The supreme government in each one would be entrusted to a triumvirate of socially minded bankers (this has an amazing sound in 1931), while the social body would be divided into three functional groups. Comte, it should be noted, was one of the first thinkers in Europe to see the dominant importance of functional organisation as opposed to government on the basis of class or material interest. The Comtist State rested upon the Religion of Humanity, with its nine social sacraments, a calendar of saints and heroes (and even a Virgin), an order of priests, an elaborate ritual and, inevitably, Auguste Comte as head. He died in 1857, and not the least pathetic thing about it all is that he was unable to name a successor.

Anyone might know what kind of welcome there would be in Victorian England for so abstract and top-heavy a scheme as this. It was assailed with varying emphasis by John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer and Huxley, and one might make a fair guess that but for the meeting of Dr. Richard Congreve with Comte at Paris in 1849 there would never have been a Comtist organisation in England at all. The Oxford Movement, it used to be said, was born in the Oriel common room. English Positivism was a direct product of Wadham College. Congreve was fellow and tutor there until 1854, when he declared himself an adherent of the Religion of Humanity, and at one time the three Wadham scholars who composed the first apostolate were in residence together—J. H. Bridges, Frederic Harrison, and E. S. Beesly. Congreve, to whom George Eliot was greatly attached, had wide knowledge and intense devotion to public causes. He was an internationalist far ahead of his time, but as the leader of a movement he was impossible. A single instance will suffice to show this. He gave the Positivist services a liturgical character and, in obedience to Comte's declaration that Italian was the sacred language and was to be the universal tongue, Congreve inserted a few Italian items in the service book. A schism in the little body was predestined, and for many years, after 1881, the Congreve sect worshipped in Chapel Street, Bloomsbury, while those Positivists who followed Harrison and Beesly met in Newton Hall, Fetter Lane. Later, when S. H. Swinny was president of the London Society and editor of its monthly review, Sunday meetings in Essex Hall provided opportunity for the Positivist witness in relation to public questions. The leading members were consistently active in international and imperial affairs. Congreve was a man who could hardly have enlisted a thousand followers all told. Frederic Harrison, an invaluable champion of the Trade Unions sixty years ago, had an unbounded power of expression and wonderful longevity, and he enjoyed an expansive life in the world of letters and affairs that made an odd contrast to the Fetter Lane conventicle. But as an evangelist of the faith he can hardly be said to have counted. He was not interested in expounding it, and his long series of books contained very little that the devout Comtist would admit to the Canon. It is interesting to note that the provincial societies, few and very small of course, derived rather from the Congreve group than from Harrison and Beesly, both of whom were vigorous and untiring political controversialists.

It seems curiously fitting that the history of this characteristically English adventure in theory and practice should be written by an American. Mr. McGee indicates in his preface—which is dated from East Lansing, Michigan—that he has sought out the surviving Positivist elders for information and correction. His book, accordingly, is accurate and fully documented, and it is excellently readable. He has, however, arranged with the publisher that the price should be a guinea.

CRYSTALS!!

Most men and women on reaching middle age become living barometers, and this weather-sensitiveness is one of the most reliable forewarnings of the development of the rheumatic tendency, which, unless mastered and kept under control, results in disablement.

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SHORTER NOTICES

Henry Dundas, First Viscount Melville, 1742-1811. By HOLDEN FURBER. Oxford University Press, 16s.

Thomas Pelham-Holles, Duke of Newcastle: His Early Political Career, 1693-1724. By STEBELTON H. NULLE. Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.

These studies of eighteenth century political tactics are both of American origin. Dr. Furber's well-documented study of Dundas's political career is founded to a great extent upon such of his private papers as were purchased by the National Library of Scotland and by Mr. Francis Edwards. None of the papers at the sale referred to Dundas's impeachment, so in that respect Dr. Furber is unable to add to the facts disclosed and admitted at the trial. His study, however, of Dundas and of the men with whom and against whom he worked is convincing, and his judgment that Dundas's talents "lay in the managing of men, not in the direction of high policy," and that "he was more the conciliator and the compromiser than the executive," is to the point. It is an interesting coincidence that Dr. Furber and Mr. Nulle concentrate on the power of their men in the constituencies. Pelham in Sussex and Nottinghamshire and Dundas in Scotland; for what Newcastle was to Walpole Dundas was to Pitt, a tower of strength in party management. Dundas, no doubt, was a careerist; but after

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his Dukedom and Garter it cannot be said that Pelham's rewards were commensurate with his services and sacrifices. Of the Newcastle of a later day history is well aware, but of the young Pelham-Holles who did so much to establish the Hanoverian dynasty and to keep the peace at home and abroad in the uneasy days of transition Mr. Nulle has given us a study that is as fresh as it is attractive.

The Memoirs of Père Labat, 1693-1705. Translated by JOHN EADEN, with an Introduction by PHILIP GOSSE. Constable. 7s. 6d.

We may be grateful for the publication of this diary. For in it we have an account of life in the French West Indies at the end of the seventeenth century by one who had no axe to grind, and who was a shrewd and humorous observer. Father Labat was a diligent and devout priest, entrusted with important missions by his Order, diplomatic as well as religious. And he was a son of his own times. It comes almost as a shock to us to-day to read of his acceptance of such institutions as slavery—some houses of his Order owned plantations and slaves—barbarous punishments of criminals, excessive drinking, and, above all, piracy. This seems to have been recognised as a legitimate form of warfare, blessed by the Church and the Government. In 1694 he was "busy all this morning confessing a crew of filibusters who had arrived . . . with two prizes that they had captured from the English. The Mass . . . was celebrated with all solemnity and I blessed three large loaves which were presented by the captain and his officers, who arrived at the Church accompanied by the drums and trumpets of their corvette." Later he observes: "This may surprise people in Europe where filibusters are not credited with possessing much piety." It does. So does his account of the comfort on board the convoy, with its elegant living. He notes the radishes and lettuce grown on deck, the clean dinner-napkins twice a week, the tips at the end of the voyage, and all the rest. Not less valuable are his accounts of methods of government, current prices and social customs. Mr. Philip Gosse writes an excellent preface, rejoicing in all this. Mr. John Eaden is to be congratulated also on his translation, and perhaps even more on his selection.

Women and Politics. By THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL, M.P. Allan. 6s.

It is almost impossible to write an explanatory text-book on political matters without dictating a policy to the reader. The more simplified and elementary the book is, the more direct will the dictation be. The Duchess of Atholl, like Mr. Shaw, explains the workings of the State to the Unintelligent Woman; or rather, to the woman who, knowing there are two sides to certain questions, will be relieved to hear that only one side has got sense in it. For the sense of Socialism, to Mr. Shaw; for that of Toryism, to the Duchess of Atholl. The author, fair within her territory, advocates "getting at the facts" and reaching conclusions independently. Her simplified treatise then guides the perplexed voter to these free conclusions. All are based on fact, or on the quoted opinion of some politician, so that the author, unlike Mr. Shaw who got into trouble with the Socialists, is a model of party loyalty. But in discussing the tasks women may perform in politics, she wisely condemns any limitation of their field of interest to those questions which particularly concern their sex.

With the Migratory Birds to Africa. By BENGT BERG. Cape. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Berg, completely fascinated as a boy by the annual flight of cranes towards the south over his Swedish home, made it one of his ambitions to trace the bird not only to its habitat in Sweden, but also to its winter quarters, wherever they might be. Favoured by fortune and aided more than his book modestly admits by his own foresight and patience, he succeeded in taking photographs of brooding and hatching incidents in the life of the crane. Several photographs thus obtained, well reproduced, illustrate the book. After satisfying himself about the Swedish habits of the *Gous Communis*, Mr. Berg travelled south to seek the place it made its destination on its autumnal migrations, and finally ran it to earth on the White Nile, where he found other familiar European species fraternising with the indigenous birds. This is a volume which by reason of its lively detailed descriptions and unique illustrations should prove of great interest to all bird lovers.

About Motoring

THE MOTOR CYCLE TOURIST TROPHY RACES

THE Auto-Cycle Union, which controls the sporting aspects of motor cycling in Great Britain, has just concluded its annual series of road races in the Isle of Man. They are termed the "Tourist Trophy" races, because they were originally instituted (in 1907) to develop touring machines. They have fulfilled that purpose most efficiently. British machines were then inferior to the products of France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, and even of America. To-day British motor cycles are intrinsically superior to those of all other nations, and rival countries have only contrived to attain a modest standard of eminence by copying British design. But like many ancient institutions the T.T. races have ceased to serve their original purpose. One of the three races is limited to engines of 250 c.c. or approximately 2½ nominal horse-power. This is the size of engine fitted to very small and slow touring motor cycles, such as might be bought by a parish nurse or a postman, but would be despised as grossly underpowered by any self-respecting youngster. Yet this race was won by a Rudge rider who scales 15st., and over the 264 miles of the race, including two stops to replenish with fuel and seven ascents of the seven-mile climb up Snaefell mountain, it averaged 69 miles an hour. This fantastic speed, indicating that the so-called "baby" machine could touch 90 miles an hour on the flat, proves that there is no longer any touring significance whatsoever in the event. The races have been handed over to the racing brigade. Their engines are difficult to start, uncomfortable to sit, fierce in all their paces, and generally reminiscent of the pneumatic drills with which roadmen break up condemned street paving. Engineers cram into these power units just the very knowledge which produces a Golden Arrow, or the kind of snorting motor car which earns high honours at Brooklands, Montlhéry, Monza or Indianapolis.

Since these races no longer serve their original purpose, the time has perhaps arrived when their usefulness should be considered. This T.T. atmosphere possibly infects the whole tone of motor cycling. It is said to be a fact that immediately after the T.T. race the graph of motor cycling accidents on the road rises rather sharply—much more sharply than can be explained by the June weather. We are all aware that a good percentage of motor cyclists normally ride too fast and take too many risks. The T.T. itself produces a certain recklessness with regard to life and limb. In the Senior Race this year a promising experimental engineer broke his neck; and his principal rival was extraordinarily lucky to escape with superficial injuries. The Manx hospital was full of casualties at the end of the race week; and a single ambulance carried five persons to hospital on the last day as soon as the opening of the roads permitted them to be moved.

Every advance in transport is accompanied by some sacrifice of human life. Casualties accompanied the opening of railways, in spite of the crawling speed of the pioneer trains; and the railway death rate is still high. The sea has always taken its toll, and aviation displays a remarkably high percentage of deaths to travellers. It is not possible to condemn motor cycle racing because a valuable life is occasionally sacrificed. But the case would be different if we concluded that a particular race was as useless as it is dangerous. This may possibly be said of the Senior T.T., which is held over seven laps of a twisty, mountainous circuit 37½ miles in extent, and in which the 1931 lap record reached the incredible figure of 80.81 m.p.h.

A strong critical school has arisen inside the industry itself with regard to these races. Many of the leading firms now refuse to enter, on the ground that the race has ceased to serve any useful purpose, and that the total cost of any publicity derived from the event is absurd. Such firms as Ariel, Triumph, B.S.A., Phelon and Moore, Sunbeam, and many others now boycott the race. The firms which support it aver that alike in our own overseas Dominions and on the Continent of Europe, racing successes afford the most effective publicity. It is said (with truth) that the experience gained in these races enables British riders to monopolise the prizes in all the big European races with a monotony extremely humiliating to the manufacturers of other countries. It is implied that if the race were dropped, our export sales of motor cycles would decrease enormously, and that we owe our export trade to the superiority over all other nations which is annually demonstrated in the T.T.

This is plausible enough, but in fact it is clotted nonsense. Other nations compete in the T.T. They are heavily subsidised to do so by the Auto-Cycle Union and the Manx authorities. But they do not stand a dog's chance. The Manx course is so long and bristles with such difficult corners that it cannot be learnt in a few days by a stranger. Our own riders admit that a rider of genius requires three years in which to familiarise himself with its problems. In these three years he will be allotted a total of six weeks practising, and may in addition ride in as many as nine races. A German or American factory would therefore have to expend a huge capital sum on training its riders for three years before they could nurse any substantial

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Strolling over Vauxhall Bridge and along the Wandsworth Road on the evening of Derby Day, you might have heard little groups of South London kiddies shouting these words to passing motor cars and coaches returning from the Races. It is an old custom and you may or may not agree with it. You may not even understand that "mouldies" means coppers or pence!

Now the Children's Country Holiday Fund has never needed your "mouldies" as it needs them at this very moment. The trade depression has undoubtedly caused many subscriptions this year to be smaller than usual or even not to come at all. This long-established fund sends poor London children into the country for a full fortnight's holiday, and from the parents of each child the Fund collects whatever it can towards the costs. Many parents cannot possibly afford to pay even ten shillings towards their child's fortnight, but they scrape up all they can for months before the summer.

It is to make up for what the parents cannot afford that we appeal to you now. A pound will cover the cost of one child's fortnight's holiday.

No matter how small your subscription. Every shilling you can send will help. **Please send at once so that children may benefit this summer.**

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hope of victory; and after this outlay a puncture might deprive them of success. If an international race is desirable to demonstrate British supremacy for the sake of export trade, that international race should be held over a shorter and easier course which a foreign entrant could master in the ten or fourteen days during which the roads might be closed for practice before the annual race. It is humbug to pretend that any foreigner can possibly win a T.T. under present conditions, except at prohibitive expenditure. The race proves the quality of British machines and of British riders; it proves nothing more. We always have a good supply of skilled riders who know the course by heart; we outnumber the foreign entries in some such proportion as ten to one; and if one of our champions is unlucky, another steps in and wins. The dice are heavily loaded against all overseas competitors; and the British motor cycle industry in this race annually bets upon an absolute, cast-iron certainty.

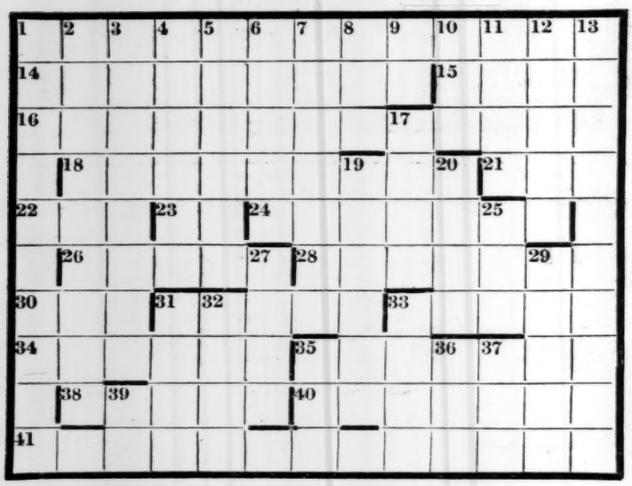
Some people go further, and claim that the race tends to develop an undesirable type of machine, heavy, rough, and insufficiently docile. That is an exaggeration. The industry needs speed, powerful brakes, perfect steering, and general road-holding qualities, such as the race cultivates. The race may have caused these qualities to loom too high in a designer's outlook, and distracted him from other vital merits, such as easy starting, comfort, flexible engines, ease of cleaning, weather protection, and the like. But the time has come when the real value of the race should be analysed, and the possibility of radical modification discussed by the trade society.

R. E. DAVIDSON.

PLAYTIME

BY CALIBAN

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



ET EGO IN ARCADIA

ACROSS

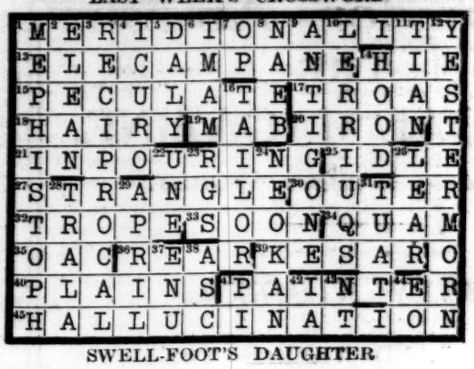
1. Churchmen on both sides of the Atlantic.
14. One touch of this will make the world seem thin.
15. Accompanies little Constance at the concert.
16. Seat of the pard-like fever.
18. Bugbear of the late Oom Paul.
21. Habitat of Messrs. Tin and Copper.
22. Love me love my stamp.
23. The man that film-fans love.
24. Perhaps this is above you.
26. A rare eagle's nest.
28. Master of Turkish delights.
30. Look on the reverse side too.
31. My purpose? Neck or nothing.
33. A liar has been deprived of a certain article.
34. Bread is the staff of life; and my life was described as "one long loaf."
35. What blackened Mr. Micawber's outlook.
38. Sixteen a side.
40. Most of great-grandmother's petticoat.
41. Relates to optic distortion.

DOWN

1. Tree that breeds jujubes.
2. The spirit can move me.
3. Mirth.
4. See the waters boil up.
5. As it might be, Marconi.
6. Pretender curtailed and overturned.
7. Opens things up a bit.
8. 9. Mixture of brine.
10. Cicero's there.
11. Flo's flow.
12. The texture comes up.
13. They say that "business English" is often this.
17. Just lucre.
19. What Tweedledum and Tweedledee were fated to do.
20. Nix in Calais harbour.
25. Upheaval at the *White Horse*.
27. Remain in suspension.
29. I sound like a newspaper for illiterates; but turn me up and you'll find a classic.
31. Herdless herd.
32. Embers after a century; you can let the credit go.
33. Confuse the hunger of a Proust.
35. Distinction in the home of lost causes.
36. An Irishman's escaped from a bowl.
37. Dwelling, bed, or boat.
39. Part of 3 *down*.

Trinculo has pleasure in acknowledging the very friendly response to his "Invitation" of June 27th. He is much gratified at the interest and appreciation shown. He hopes, in due course, to reply personally to those solvers who have raised specific points.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



SWELL-FOOT'S DAUGHTER

NOTES.

ACROSS. 13. A plant of the Aster family. 18. *The Hairy Ape* (O'Neill) 20. (Env)iron(s). 27. (Str)angle. 30. At musketry. 33. (Bas)soon. 34. Quam(ash). 35. (R)oac(h)? 45. Hall-ucination.

DOWN. 1. 2. See derivation. 12. Both battles fought July 3rd. 16. *Evan Harrington*. 26. *King Lear*; Lear's *Nonsense Rhymes*. 28. *The Mikado*. 38. Now R.A.S.C. 42, 43. Anti (gone). 44. Eo(an).

BRIDGE

By CALIBAN

HOW TO BID AT CONTRACT: A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIVE HANDS

No. XV. Pre-emptive opening Bid of Four in a Major Suit.

North:		East:	
♠ 4	♥ Q 8 7 3	♠ K 7	♥ J 10 5
♦ 10 5 4 2	♣ J 7 5 3	♦ Q 6	♣ K 10 9 8 4 2
West:		**South:**	
♠ A 9	♥ K 9 6 4	♠ Q J 10 8 6 5 3 2	♥ A 2
♦ A 8 7 3	♣ A Q 6	♦ K J 9	♣ None.

Score: Game all. East deals.

The Bidding:

East - - No Bid South - - 4 ♠

All Pass.

A pre-emptive bid for game need not imply any definite honour strength. It shows instead the number of *playing tricks* which the declarer holds. If not vulnerable, he can bid for game in a major suit on 7 certain tricks (his maximum possible loss being thus 400 points); if vulnerable, he needs a minimum of 8 tricks.

In the example shown above, South has 6 certain tricks in the trump suit and two tricks outside. It therefore will pay him to make a direct bid for game.

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IS THERE HOPE IN HOOVER?

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION reader recommends German family, with whom he has often stayed who will receive a few guests August/September. Chalet at Adelboden, Switzerland. M250 monthly.—Details, Box 59, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, W.C.2.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE GERMAN CRISIS—B.I.D.—THE NEW YORK OUTLOOK—THE AMERICAN UNKNOWN SOLDIER

DEALERS on the Stock Exchange blundered in marking up prices sharply on Monday to capitalise the settlement of the Franco-American negotiations. The nimble New York operators had been capitalising the Hoover plan for the past fortnight and promptly took advantage of soaring prices in London by taking profits. Moreover, everyone appears to know, except some stock-jobbers in Throgmorton Street, that the financial crisis in Germany has not been solved and that if Germany defaults in its foreign commitments, many firms in the City of London, who have re-lent to Germany large amounts of short-term money received from New York and Paris, will be in queer street. The reparations holiday is a relief, but Germany cannot go on living on short-term capital without being flung into a fresh financial crisis whenever foreign financiers get frightened and withdraw their funds. Unfortunately, foreign money is still being withdrawn, for the lenders have had an unpleasant shock and have no wish to be committed so deeply in Germany again. The Reichsbank exhausted in less than a fortnight the re-discount credit of £20,000,000 granted by the Bank of International Settlement, the U.S. Federal Reserve Board, the Bank of England and the Bank of France, and had to resort last week to an old American credit of £10,000,000 left with its associated company, the Gold Discount Bank. And its note reserve ratio is now down to a fraction above the legal minimum of 40 per cent. It says much for the financial strength of Germany that she was able to meet withdrawals of foreign money amounting to about £100,000,000 in less than five weeks of the present crisis, but it is evident that she cannot go on without fresh credits. Even if a credit of £100,000,000 is granted, there is still the problem of getting the foreign capitalist to lend on long-term to Germany. This short-term money is certainly a nuisance—it is called "bad money" in Lombard Street—but it is no use blaming the Central Banks. If the Bank of England were to reduce its discount rate so as to get rid of all "bad money" from London, Great Britain would be off the gold standard in a few weeks. The glut of short-term money is the result of lack of confidence in business, which is the mark of the slump or the mark of the beast.

* * *

In another direction—its relations with domestic industry—the Bank of England may more fairly be criticised. I believe that the present Government at one time fondly believed that the Bank of England, under the leadership of Mr. Montagu Norman, would reconstruct the bankrupt industries of Great Britain just as it had helped to reconstruct bankrupt European countries after the war. One need not laugh at the statesmen on that account for the same belief was apparently held by the Bank of England. The Bankers Industrial Development Company was formed last year under Bank of England auspices (the Bank through a subsidiary controlling half the votes) to consider applications for financial assistance from distressed industries provided the initiative came from the industry as a whole. *The Banker*, in its issue this month, rightly points out that this scheme has failed to be of any practical use. So restricted is its scope that the B.I.D. has so far sponsored only two capital issues. As it is not allowed to perform the main functions of an issuing house, namely, the support of its issues in the market, its issues have "flopped." That of the Lancashire Cotton Corporation Six-Year 6½ per cent. debenture stock, the interest on which is guaranteed by the Sun Insurance Office for five years, is now quoted at 17 points below its issue price of 97½. "The B.I.D. Company," says *The Banker*, "has clearly failed in its object. It should be replaced by an institution more akin to an issuing house than to a bank, which can exercise initiative, can give guarantees, can spread its risks and can support its offspring. If it proved unavoidable we would not be averse to giving it a State guarantee on the lines of the Trade Facilities Act, for the main essential to-day is to divert the existing plethora of short money into medium and long-term channels (for trade purposes)." This is a sound proposal which, I believe, the City—certainly the Stock Exchange which has been badly "caught" by the B.I.D. issues—would heartily support. In any event, what has a Central Bank to do with industrial rationalisation schemes? The Bank of England should retire from the B.I.D. and let that Company rationalise itself.

Fired by Mr. Babson, who has foretold the end of the slump for America "within a reasonable time," I will now prophesy the course of the New York stock markets for the next three months. What is more, I will be much more definite than Mr. Babson. After all, Mr. Babson merely told America that it was like a man lying on his back who could only look upward: he did not say what would cause the prostrate one to get up on his feet or precisely when the move would take place. Subject to no overwhelming news from Germany, I should expect the New York stock markets to react, or behave in a hesitant way, until the Company reports for the bad June quarter have been published and pigeon-holed, and then to move upward again in a determined effort to discount a general trade recovery in the autumn. Apart from the effect of commodity prices on commodity "shares," I would anticipate the lead in this advance to be taken by the shares of tobacco companies and department stores. The price of cigarettes in America has recently been raised by the four leading manufacturers—American Tobacco, R. J. Reynolds, Liggett and Myers, and Lorillard. These companies, in consequence, hope to increase their income by about $45,000,000 a year. As for the department stores, it is officially computed that the dollar value of retail sales from January to May was only 9 per cent. below that of the corresponding period of 1930. Having regard to the reductions in retail prices, it is probable that the actual volume of merchandise sold has been larger this year than last. Statistically, it is evident that the stocks of finished goods in the hands of wholesalers and retailers in the United States are very much lower than a year ago. All observant travellers tell us that the cutting of prices in the American department stores has been much more drastic than in the English shops. Now, if this forecast of the New York markets is reasonable, what stocks are likely to be favoured?

* * *

Of the tobacco companies, American Tobacco expects to increase its earnings this half year, as a result of the advance in cigarette prices, by about $1.9 per share and R. J. Reynolds by about 75 cents per share. These two shares have already had a substantial rise. Of the department stores Drug Incorporated, which controls Boots Pure Drug in this country, and Woolworth are the recognised leaders—the former at the present time being the cheaper purchase of the two. It will do British investors good to hear the following appreciation by an American firm of stockbrokers of the benefits the parent Woolworth is receiving as a result of the recent recapitalisation of its English subsidiary: "The American company will profit to the extent of $27,000,000 cash, plus new ordinary shares (which are selling at a premium) in value some $77,000,000. In addition, the parent company's interest in the undistributed surplus of the English company, remaining after the recapitalisation, is estimated at $3,500,000. The sum total of these figures, $107,500,000, is to be substituted for the $29,500,000 book value placed on its interest in the English subsidiary . . . an addition to surplus of $78,000,000, or $8 per share." It is curious that with 2,664,889 British workers unemployed the British investor should have been asked to subscribe $27,000,000 in cash to the American house of Woolworth for its "goodwill" in this country, but the sponsors of this issue will no doubt retort that the happy ones who received allotments of British Woolworth have been able to sell their ordinary shares at 10s. premium and to purchase in New York the shares of the parent company which benefited so handsomely. Here are the prices and dividend yields of these "select" American stocks:

	1931. High.	Low.	Present Price.	1930 Divs.	Earnings	Div. Yield %
American Tobacco B. ..	132¾	104¾	117	$5.0	$8.56	4.27
R. J. Reynolds B. ..	53	40⅜	51	3.0	3.43	5.88
Drug Incorporated ..	78¾	61½	71⅛	4.0	5.63	5.56
Woolworth	72⅝	54⅜	68⅝	2.40	3.56	3.50

* * *

I hear that the unknown soldier has been discovered in America. He is a retired stockbroker, aged 73, who sold out all his common stock holdings in the early summer of 1929, put his money in first-class bonds or "on call," and has not yet gone back into the market. He does not like the winter outlook, but he has made an exception to his rule with the purchase of Standard Oil of New Jersey at 33 (now 39⅛). The estimated wealth of this national hero is $4,000,000. I understand that a monument is to be erected to his memory in Wall Street, to which, no doubt, Woolworth's will make a generous subscription.

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16. Mr. G. K. Chesterton
17. The Lord Chief Justice
18. Mr. Augustus John
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These 20 sketches are the most noteworthy collection of Low's more serious work. They were published as Supplements to THE NEW STATESMAN in 1926, and are printed on special cartridge paper. The small reproduction above gives a very inadequate idea of the quality of their production. The size of the sketches is 13in. by 9in., and they make a most interesting "gallery" for the club, library, smoke-room, billiard-room, etc. The plates have been destroyed. FRAMED in black polished wood, they cost 2s. 6d. each, or 45s. the set (20), postage for one or two pictures 1s., and for each additional picture 3d. UNFRAMED, the sketches cost 1s. each, postage 1d.

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